SCREEN STAR WOULD MARRY POOR MAN— See page 3

Movie Weekly

MARCH 1
1924

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Will Prince of Wales accept Job in Movies?

The Kind of Woman I Could Love
by Thomas Meighan

Olga Petrova
LUCAS KANARIAN

Vol. IV **MOVIE WEEKLY** No. 4
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Coming *Contents*

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WOULD I MARRY A POOR MAN?

"YES!" says Bebe DANIELS

Charming young *screen star* who will play opposite *Valentino* is interrogated on subject of *matrimony* — Declares *money* does not matter

By Regina Cannon

IT ALL started as a little private discussion between the Ouija Board and us. Our question was, "Will the man we marry have lots of money?" And Ouija unhesitatingly spelled out, "No." "Will he have *any* money?" we ventured. Again, "No." (We don't believe the old thing, anyway, but we *didn't* take a chance on asking it if there'd *be* a man.)

And then Bebe Daniels came along. That is, she came from the Coast, as beautiful and radiant as ever. We dropped in to see her the morning she arrived. Bebe was in the midst of a shampoo—hair all soapy, water trickling down her nose, emitting little yelps when the soap got into her eyes.

Now everyone has his favorite something or other in life. It may be a complex, it may be a hobby—ours is Bebe. We can pretty safely say we've met the most famous screen celebrities and that Bebe Daniels would get all our votes in a popularity contest. For Bebe has personality, magnetism, charm, intelligence—well, practically everything that the person who is most demanding in his friendships could desire.

You may think, from the above, that we're letting the superlatives run riot, but to convince ourself that we were not being dazzled by Bebe's beauty or wit, we asked several interviewers what their several impressions of Miss Daniels were. The answer invariably was, "Bebe Daniels is one of the most regular, unspoiled human beings we've ever met!" And that, you'll probably agree, is no small compliment, when extracted from those lofty women of genius (?) the interviewers.

Well, to get back to the story, when Bebe's hair got dry we went into that young lady's boudoir to have a real "heart-to-heart." Bebe told us of the doings on the Coast and we told her the news in the East, and in a rash moment admitted what the Ouija had said concerning our future fortunes.

"Of course, it's the bunk," we whispered, "because we wouldn't marry a man without money!" We felt sure of the sympathy of our fair listener.

"And why not?" she asked briskly.

That was a shock! "Well, would you?" we demanded.

"You just bet I would!" said the beautiful Bebe with conviction. "If I loved a man and that man possessed good, manly qualities, I'd marry him if he didn't have a cent in the world. For a man 'made of the right stuff' wouldn't be without money long. He'd be ambitious and a hard worker and success would surely crown his efforts. That is, if success means money. There are lots of ways, however, of being a real success in life without accumulating a fortune.

"Money is not an absolute necessity," continued Bebe emphatically. "You understand I'm not saying that it's not a mighty nice and convenient thing to have around. If I saw a roll of bills lying in the street I'd stoop to pick it up and all that, but money would not and could not buy the greatest things in life."

"AND, Miss Deniels," we asked loftily, "just what are the great things in life that money can't buy?"

"Happiness, for one thing," answered Bebe unhesitatingly, "and peace and contentment and love. Those are the things necessary to make life on this old planet bearable and livable, and if you don't get a fair share of those necessities, well, it's a pretty black old world."

"Girls may shout all they like for the caveman type of man," said *Miss Daniels*, "but a chivalrous, tender, considerate man makes the best husband."

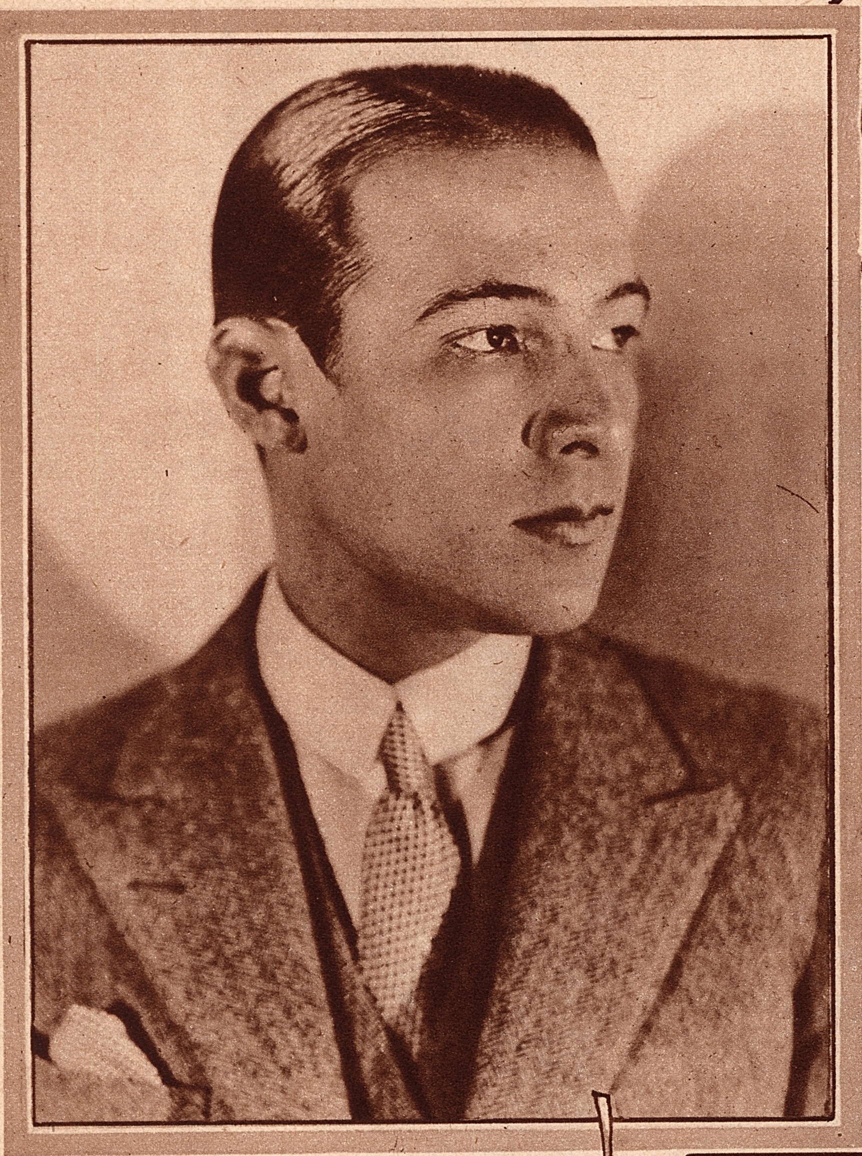
Gosh, we were being converted, "seeing the light," as it were, by the minute!

"Let's have some lunch," suggested Bebe, "and we'll finish the men and spend some money over the lunch." Whereupon a waiter was summoned and "again we ordered a chicken salad."

"By the way," we asked, "just what are those qualities you referred to in a man that would offset his lack of money?"

"Chivalry is of paramount importance," Bebe replied promptly. "Girls may shout all they like for the caveman type of man, but to my way of thinking a chivalrous, tender, considerate man makes the best husband. He would be able to stand the wear and tear of married life. He would make allowances for his wife's shortcomings. His love would be lasting, for his would be a deep affection, which is much more durable than an infatuation that probably would not outlast a year.

"If a man loved his wife in a chivalreus way, he would bend every effort to please her; to give her what she wanted most in this world, and if what she wanted most was, ahem, the coin of the realm, why he'd get it for her if he had to slave for it! (*Continued on page 27*)



Rudolph Valentino, who tells the story of his trip abroad in this issue.

My own story by Rudolph

Rudy arrives in London and fans—Tailors, haberdashers and trades- star and seek to separate him from some Read how Rudy felt when the British upon him. His own story, writ-

London, First Day.

I HAVF lived my first day in London.

And it has in no wise disappointed me. I am always conscious of a certain thrill when a dream lives up to the expectation. Not so very many do.

One dreams of a thing, a place, an event, for a long, long while, and then, just before the dream is to come true, one feels a certain fear. Or *I* do, at any rate. Perhaps, after all, the dream won't be all we have thought it, hoped it. Perhaps we are in for a disappointment, a disillusionment. That is how I felt about London. That city of my dreams . . . peopled with figures steeped in history and the lore of Dickens and Shakespeare . . . if it should disappoint me . . .

But it didn't. The London I saw was the London of my dreams. The London of history, and of the great men who have immortalized it in words.

I arose at nine in the morning in order to be ready for the Press, for interviews.

This first day I have seen forty-five interviewers and everyone of the forty-five shot at me, as an opening question, "What do you think of London?"

That is, after all, such a large question . . . especially for me who, at ten this morning, had not yet *seen* London. And to each of them I answered that I didn't know, since I hadn't yet seen the city.

The interviewers go about their work much as the interviewers do in America. Most of them asked me questions about women, my opinions as to the modern woman, my ideas on beauty, my preferences in type, my comparative ideas as to the beauty of Italian women versus American women, English women versus American women and so forth.

I said that to me comparisons regarding women were odious. How can you make comparisons? After all, beauty is to be found everywhere, and if one is more beautiful than another it has little to do with a country and all to do with the individual.

I didn't say what I may say here, in my own diary, and that is that on the whole the American girl leads the way in beauty, all things duly considered. I may, perhaps, be prejudiced because I married an American girl. But I honestly do not think so. Or it may be because America is the great melting pot, of beauty as well as of races. It may be that the beauty of all countries and all races has filtered into America and made of the American woman a gorgeous composite of all other beauties. But certainly I have observed that the American girls all have something of beauty. They may not all be classic types, but almost every one of them has a chic, a smartness, a knack for wearing clothes, some outstanding mark of loveliness that commends her to the eye. I should say that in other countries one out of every fifty women will be beautiful, but in America only one out of every fifty will be plain. That is, privately, about the way that I would figure it.

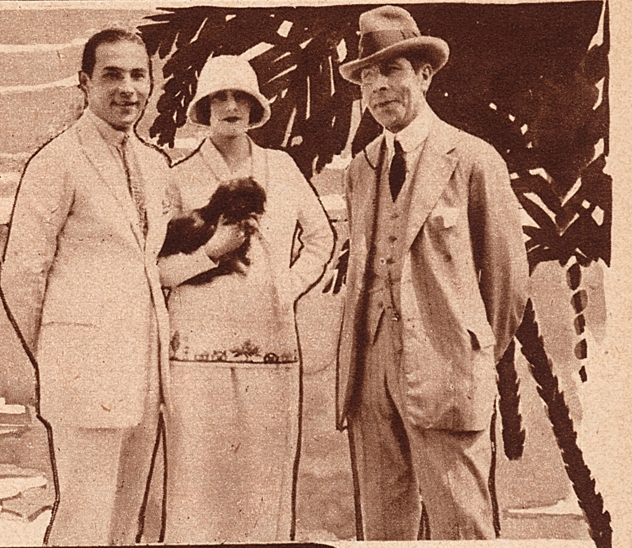
THE English women, I noted today from the brief observations I was able to make, have extraordinarily lovely complexions and a certain look of robust, glowing health that is very charming.

Well, but to get back to my interviewers . . . this first day, as I say, I have seen forty-five. And when the forty-fifth had departed and I found that I was scheduled for a similar number on the morrow, I determined that, if I wanted to really see London, I would have to somehow apportion my days.

I therefore told my secretary that I would devote the hours between ten and twelve to interviewers, but from noon on my time was to be my

Valentino leans from a train window to give two *English* film fans his autograph.

# of my trip abroad
Valentino



is greeted by throngs of *British* men besiege *popular screen* of his *screen-earned coin*— fans heaped their adulation ten by *HIMSELF*

BELOW: Looking down *The Strand, London's* most famous thoroughfare.

Rudolph and *Natacha* snapped while chatting with *George Arliss,* the distinguished actor.

own, for sightseeing and the other things I wanted to do in London.

ONE of my most amusing experiences had to do with clothes. I think I have said that I once observed how much I liked English tailoring. That remark must have found its way into every tailoring establishment, every haberdashery in the vast city of London, for if I saw forty-five interviewers the first day, it is nothing whatever to the number of tailors and haberdashers and "Gentlemen's Fitters" in general, all urging upon me the special value of their particular brand of London clothes.

It was really very funny. Natacha said that that one passing remark of mine concerning English clothes was much like a tiny pebble cast into the waters. My little "pebble" had stirred up a veritable sea of cloth in the tailoring waters of London. The waves that ensued bade fair to engulf me completely. I sent word to them that I was going to buy English clothes, even as I said, but that I couldn't buy all of them, as a mere matter of lack of sufficient time AND money, and with that they had to be content.

Rudy and *Mrs. Valentino* getting their first glimpse of the shores of *England* from the deck of the *Aquitania* as it comes into port at *Southampton.*

WE SPENT this first morning, then, between interviewers and tailors. and late in the afternoon we set forth to see the sights.

I felt like a child being taken into a shop full of fascinating aisles, each aisle laden with still more fascinating toys. Where to go first? What, of all the many things to see, to see first?

I told Natacha that I wanted to walk on my first incursion into London streets. I felt, somehow, that it would make London more mine, more a matter of my own, intimate discovery, if I walked rather than get into a car and be taken somewhere, mechanically.

The London streets would be, each one, an adventure to me. I would make my own thrills as I walked down them. And I would be able to feel a part of the city as I would in no other way. Natacha and I walked almost in silence.

I finally decided that we wouldn't do any deliberate "sight-seeing" this first afternoon. I don't know, as I muse over it, that I entirely believe in sight-seeing, anyway. It seems to me that just to wander about a certain part of a country, soaking in the atmosphere, absorbing the color, the memories, half consciously, half subconsciously getting the *feel* of the place under your skin, into your blood and veins is a far better way of knowing a city or a country than going about studiously striving to assimilate fact, dates, names.

I felt, today, as we walked here and there, at random, at will, that London was *my* London, in a sense. That I was speaking to her in my own way and she was speaking to me. We understand one another, London and I . . .

We dined together quietly at the Carlton, Natacha and I. I wanted to be alone this first evening.

Just as I was writing the above paragraph, Mr. Benjamin Guinness of the Guinness Stout people, phoned us and invited us to dine with him at Ascot tomorrow night. We accepted with a triple pleasure. We went to see Mr. Guinness. We will, in the course of the drive down, see some of the English countryside which I have always longed to see, and we will arrive at Ascot.

As tired as I am, I almost feel as though I shall not sleep tonight. It seems to me as though the voices of London are constantly whispering to me, beckoning to me, urging me to be up and about. Natacha says no child would act as excitedly as I do about visiting a strange place. Perhaps that is so, but I think if we lose the questing child spirit, the child belief that just around each corner something new, enthralling and delightful is awaiting us, we lose more than half of the joy of living. I should never want to be so indifferent. I should never want to lose the thrill of new contacts, new places. If I had found myself inert to London, I should have been bitterly disappointed in myself. I hoped that there would be in me some strong echo of the powerful poetry of London and there is. I can feel the mighty vibrations now. And if it were not for the fact that Italy is my true goal, this time, my birthplace, the home of my fathers, if Natacha did not yearn for Paris for the reasons every woman knows (or can imagine) I think I should like to linger on in London the summer through . . .

Second day in London.

JUST a brief line or so before we go to bed. Natacha tells me that I shall be more exhausted recording what I do and see than I will be in doing it and in seeing the people and places themselves. But I want to make this record, exhaustion or otherwise. Things slip away from me . . . A rapid succession of thrills and events erase one, the other . . . I don't want to forget a single sensation or set of sensations that came to me on this trip. I may make, doubtless shall make, many other trips before I go for good on the last and longest trip of all, but never again will I feel as I feel on this first one. It is like the peace after storm. It is fun after stern fact. It is rest after worry.

It is a precious interlude (*Continued on page 27*)

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HOPE HAMPTON
PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

The Kind of Woman I Could Love

BY Thomas Meighan

Popular *screen star* discusses relative attractiveness of various *feminine types* and reveals particular sort that has captured his fancy

***An interview with* Charles L. Gartner**

"WHAT is your ideal type of woman—a woman you could marry and love all your life?"

I asked this question of Thomas Meighan recently at the Paramount Long Island studio, where he was busy making scenes for "Pied Piper Malone." If there is anyone in the world who should know better how to answer such a question, I couldn't think of him.

For Tommy has played the screen lover to more famous beauties than any other male actor who flashes upon the silver sheet. Tom has held in his arms and kissed—for the benefit of movie fans, of course — every known type of beauty. Warm-blooded, vivacious, reserved, haughty, cold; Tommy has met them all. So he should be in a position to know which type he prefers! He has played opposite a list of screen beauties that reads like a "Who's Who Among the Stars"—such celebrities as Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Pauline Frederick, Leatrice Joy, Jane Novak, Lila Lee and Lois Wilson.

Tom grinned broadly when I asked him the momentous question as to what was his ideal type of woman. "Sit down," he urged, twinkling, "this may be a long story!"

"First of all," he began, offering me a cigarette, "my ideal woman must be thoroughly feminine. That is, she must have a woman's ideals, hopes, and aspirations. She must love her home and be willing to bear with her husband any necessary sacrifices. She must have a good disposition—nothing kills love more quickly than a complaining, whiny sort of nature."

Tommy puffed his cigarette.

"My ideal woman," he continued, "would have to be a pal, of course. She would delight in going swimming, horseback riding, rowing or playing tennis—a good sport, I mean. We would be real comrades, you see, and take pleasure in doing things together.

"Too many women, after they get married, fail to be companionable. They feel that their duty consists of staying quietly at home, keeping house, minding the baby, having hubby's meals ready when he gets home from work. They think that when they do all those things—and do them well enough, too, probably—that they are irreproachable wives. This is wrong! A man, presumably, marries a woman because he loves her and likes to be with her.

"Too many women," said *Mr. Meighan*, "after they get married, fail to be companionable."

"On the other hand, there are women so entirely lacking in understanding that they think they should go everywhere with their husbands. This, if anything, is even worse than the other extreme. This type of wife thinks that hubby is being neglectful if he wants an occasional evening 'with the boys.' If he announces his desire to join a poker party, she tries to make things pleasant by saying that the party should be held at their own home, where she and a few women friends can join in. The husband knows that it will not be a card game—for women will be women—and instead of poker, the main topic of conversation will be the latest fashions, Mrs. Smith's baby, her funny looking husband, and the fresh street car conductor who tried to flirt with them on the way home from a bridge party.

"ANOTHER quality my wife would have to possess is an understanding of my business worries. She should appreciate that there are occasions when I would need to be left alone to think out a business problem, and other occasions when I should like to consult her. Even if she were not in a position to be of much help in solving the problem, it sometimes helps merely to have a sympathetic listener. In any case, I should expect her to be interested in my work and be able to talk intelligently about it.

"Would my wife have to be pretty?" he repeated my question. "Of course I should like her to be—every man admires beauty in women. But a woman who possesses intelligence and beauty of character is usually a finer companion than one whose chief quality is her good looks. Besides that, good looks fade when youth is gone. My ideal, of course, would be a combination—a rare one, I'll admit—of beauty and brains.

"Where would I find such a woman? I don't know—I stopped searching years ago when I found the woman I wanted to make Mrs. Thomas Meighan. Frances Ring, she was called then, a sister of Blanche Ring, also an actress.

"And then I met her! I was playing the hero in 'The College Widow' at the time, and Miss Ring was the heroine. My play love-making seemed almost real to me, for that quiet, dark-haired girl I was playing opposite, attracted me strangely. After the play had finished its run, I managed to stick closely to the company she was in. After many restless weeks, I was, in all seriousness, duplicating the pleasure scene in 'The College Widow' to Miss Ring.

"Mrs. Meighan has lived up to every one of my expectations, often doing more than I could ever expect. She sometimes travels on location with me and often proves of great assistance in my work, as well as a delightful companion. All in all, it is because of her that I am today the happiest man in pictures!"

Will Prince of Wales shock accepting

American director cables heir - apparent to English crown and tells him to name his own terms for appearance in films—Will the handsome young prince, who is the ideal of many feminine dreams, accept the offer?

By T. Howard Kelly

FRED NIBLO presents the Prince of Wales!

No, not in a two million dollar, super screen spectacle. That is, not as yet. So far, Fred, famous out Hollywood way for his movie-making magic, merely presents the Prince with a cabled offer to turn His Royal Highness into a film star.

The popular young Britisher, who will some day take a life-long lease on Buckingham Palace, has not, as far as can be determined at this writing, jumped at the chance to become a rival to Doug Fairbanks, Rudy Valentino, or any other of filmdom's heroes. If he should decided to sign on the dotted line for work in a picture, I hardly believe that Niblo will direct his screen efforts, after all.

Why?

Because most likely the shock and surprise of His Royal Highness' decision would knock Freddy out for the the count, and I doubt if he would have strength enough left to wield his old megaphone under such circumstances.

In ancient London town, where the talk of a Prince becoming a movie player approximates sacrilege, there is quite a hub-bub over the message that Niblo cabled from Hollywood. Our British cousins look upon the director's proposition as an astounding piece of Yankee audacity and brass, according to comment appearing in several English newspapers.

As a matter of fact, the following cablegram, which was dispatched to the Prince of Wales, seems, to my native point of view, a very respectful way of asking royalty to consider a film proposition: If Niblo had suggested that the Prince take part in a comedy, or even a purely romantic screen drama, there might be some grounds for the criticism of his appeal. But read the message, and judge for yourself:

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE OF WALES: *"Most respectfully submitted. Would your Royal Highness consider appearing in historical photoplay of dignity and magnitude? Time, place and financial arrangements at your convenience. Cable collect, Niblo, Los Angeles."*

For a long time there has been talk in movie circles of the possibility that the Prince might succumb to the lure of acting before the camera because he has, on many occasions, shown unusual interest in the business of producing celluloid drama. Of course, this talk has also been more or less offset by the general knowledge that the ruling house in England does not look with favor upon the public appearances of royal and titled persons in any kind of theatrical enterprises. During the past two years several things have happened in movieland, concerning the aristocracy of England, which point unmistakably to the court's feeling about aristocracy turning cinema stars.

His Royal Highness, Edward, the Prince of Wales, heir to the British throne.

We cannot easily forget that Lady Diana Manners stirred up a little war of her own when she announced her intention of appearing on the silver screen. And it was only last summer that stories of Lord and Lady Mountbatten's hob-nobbing with Charlie Chaplin and other screen stars, caused many tea-pots to boil over in dignified English homes, castles and palaces. The Lord and Lady, kith and kin of the present monarch, are reported to have been chided for their Hollywood parties by the King.

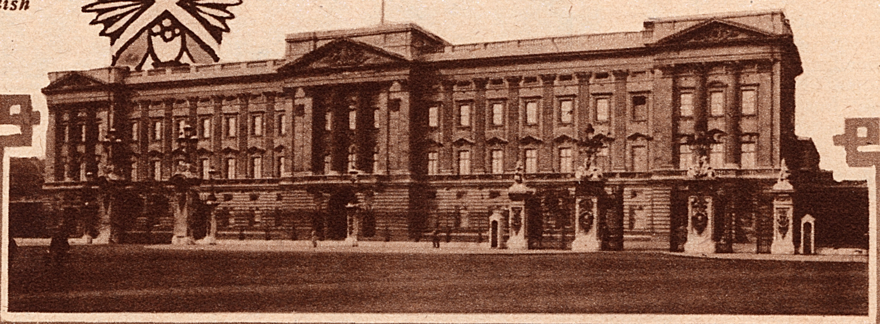
But the most pronounced gesture against the pictures was made more recently by Viscount Lascelles, the husband of Princess Mary, when he sued a film company for daring to exploit him in a picture showing him riding to the hounds; a film which was secured by cameramen camouflaged behind bushes and trees on a royal hunting preserve. With all of these things in mind, it does not seem possible, or probable, that the heir-apparent of the English throne can very well accept Fred Niblo's offer to take part in any kind of a movie play. To do so would be going against the royal wishes, smashing precedent and tearing up traditions.

THE Prince of Wales, however, is an amazing young man and a most democratic chap, as the world knows very well. He has done many things so far in life to give rude shocks to those who clamor for dignity, pomp and cold reserve on the part of royalty. When he came to this country sometime ago, he gave us a thrill by stepping out and doing a few jazz steps with American girls in cabarets. During his most recent trip to America, when he spent a month incognito at a Canadian ranch, the Prince inspected several movie studios up in the white north country, and expressed a desire to "do Hollywood" some day very soon.

He does not care much for tight-laced traditions, and his democratic ways have not injured him in the eyes of an admiring world. On the contrary, they have made him the most popular figure in modern royal circles of all nations and races. No person ever gets more applause in a movie theatre when his picture is flashed upon the screen than does the Prince of Wales.

If he decides to go himself one better by posing before the camera, it is a safe bet that he will make an appealing movie star. There is something very winsome and attractive about the young man's smile that wins hearts immediately. His appeal strikes both sexes, and his appearance in a photo-drama would make any movie theatre hang out the S. R. O. sign.

According to the information received from Hollywood, the public announcement of Mr. Niblo's offer to the Prince has set every girl star's heart beating at the rate of a hundred taps a minute. A veritable storm of excited hope has



A view of *Buckingham Palace*, the birthplace and home of the popular young prince.

Royal Throne by Job in Movies?

broken upon all of the beautiful darlings who would just love to be the youthful Prince's leading lady. Of course, none of the stars will admit for public statement that they are simply on pins and needles about their chances of being chosen in the event he accepts. But this is the true situation, nevertheless.

Although Fred Niblo has not intimated definitely just what his production plans for the Prince would be, Movie Weekly has learned from a reliable source that the director has in mind doing one of the English literary classics. It is thought that a work of the famous writer, Thackeray, may be selected by Mr. Niblo.

and being an active sportsman and athlete, he is fitted by the education he derived from these things to understand human nature sufficiently to impersonate a character in life, other than his own.

Niblo is the first director, and the first American I know of, to have approached the Prince with a picture offer. And he deserves credit for his action. Some English journals have remarked, rather caustically, that only an American would have the temerity to do such a thing as ask a Prince to go into a commercial venture, even in spite of the fact that it

Fred Niblo... well-known screen director, who cabled the *Prince* his movie offer.

FOR years we have heard all kind of stories about princes, dukes and other members of royal families going into pictures. There have been any quantity of Russian princesses and princes appearing in our films since the Czar's power was broken by revolution in that faraway land. But, as a rule, most of these players were princes and princesses by grace of a press agent's imagination. However, the Prince of Wales is the real thing, and when comes over to the pictures, all of filmdom can pat itself on the back.

The Prince is not a trained actor in the sense of having ever had any dramatic experience on the stage of make-believe. But he has had ample experience of a dramatic nature on the stage of life, and after all, acting is but a means of interpreting real life. He would have very little trouble along the acting line. Having traveled the world over under all sorts of conditions and circumstances . . . having played a part in the Great War . . .

Director Niblo showing Barbara La Marr how to play a scene in *"Thy Name Is Woman."*

is of an artistic and historical nature.

Well, it does take American "push," as our energy and progressiveness is sometimes described to do certain things, but in this particular case, there seems ample reason to make me believe that the Prince himself does not look upon the picture offer as bold gesture.

He probably will not accept it for many, many reasons, and that is why I suggested at the beginning of this article that Fred Niblo would suffer from acute shock and surprise if he did get a favorable answer from Wales. To begin with, the Prince's time is very crowded with duties of a royal, social and diplomatic nature. He is a hard man to keep up with, and to make any kind of a feature film with him as a star would mean that Niblo and his cast would have to equip themselves with airplanes and do a great deal of world touring, for the Prince of Wales is some globe-trotter!

IN SPITE of this, the one chance that he may accept has stirred up the entire American motion picture industry, and from the crystal-roofed acres of Hollywood, to the lighted way of a street called Broadway.

If Niblo's bid wins the Prince, and Freddy survives the stirring triumph, his name will go down in film history as the man who presented a future king of England in a moving picture play . . . and before his name goes down, his bank balance will soar to mountain-top heights, because such a picture would be the greatest box office attraction and feature in the world. No press agents would be needed to sell it to the public. The magic of a name . . . the Prince of Wales . . . would be advertisement enough!

Buildings of the *House of Parliament* in *London*. In the foreground is the historic *Westminster Bridge* across the river *Thames*.

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

Hal Kent, adventurous, spirited, daring to the point of unreason, was ever a victim to his own temperament. Through a career crowded with romance and thrilling incident he moved, unmindful of consequences, regardless of the shattered hearts that strewed the paths of his passing. From obscurity to eventual transcendant fame upon the screen—but read his own revealing story, written by HIMSELF

LIFE for me has always been a fascinating series of temptations. Love, women, adventure—all things marked with gaiety or beauty have ever held out an irresistible lure for me. Now, as I look back upon it all, I find many things to sorrow for, to regret—no, perhaps not regret . . . But hear my story.

When at last my career at Yale had ended in final and utter disgrace, the world seemed simply a place for my carousal. And a drunken orgy soon led to disaster. In a lower quarter of the city, while intoxicated, I picked a fight with a rowdy of the district, was severely trounced for my pains, and next recovered consciousness in the house of the Carlsens, with whom my life soon became closely concerned. Laura Carlsen and I learned to love one another . . . but I was penniless, jobless and marriage seemed far away.

Through a curious accident I then met Yvonne Weldon, an actress. I was, as I have said, penniless. She offered me work as an actor with a Pittsburgh stock company of which she was the head . . . she professed admiration at what she chose to term my "beauty" . . . she attracted me . . . tempted me. Without a word to the Carlsens—like a cad—I went with her.

I went, as I have said, to Pittsburgh with Yvonne Weldon. I went, leaving Laura Carlsen behind me, without a word of explanation, without so much as one act of gratitude for all her kindness and loving sacrifice for me.

I don't know how to explain it. I was, it is true, made desperate by my failure to find work. I was discouraged and came to Yvonne Weldon in a reckless mood. And for the rest, her physical allurement and my own weakness drove me into an irrevocable step.

It was through Yvonne Weldon that I had my experience of a love that is selfish, cruel and exacting, and yet a love that chains its slaves more fiercely than the most loyal of affections.

When we arrived in Pittsburgh, we went at once to the hotel where Yvonne stayed during her season, and a suite of rooms was engaged. In the first few moments of our arrival I had a taste of her temper, with which I was destined to become only too familiar.

I noticed a rather pretty chambermaid, who left the rooms just as we entered them, but beyond a passing glance, I did not even look at the girl. Yvonne turned to me furiously, her big eyes blazing.

"I saw you!" she cried. "You tried to flirt with her! Don't lie to me!"

"What!" I exclaimed in surprise. "I didn't look twice at the girl." But she continued to hurl imprecations at me, and when I tried to make my peace with her, she pushed me off, and showed her scorn and unreasonable sensitiveness in a hundred ways.

She saw the revolt in my face and she put her beautifully rounded arms about my neck and offered those red lips of hers. "But I love you," she said.

I looked at her tall, superb form, the great masses of hair that crowned her head, her lips, red, inviting, seductive, and in that instant I knew that I was under her spell. She 'had me.' I found myself pleading, begging for her forgiveness, humbling myself out of all fairness. Then at last she yielded, and I took her hungrily in my arms and kissed her throat and her red lips gratefully again and again, wildly, passionately.

In the next days she was busy arranging with the members of her company (who seemed to arrive from everywhere simultaneously), and fixing the plays and parts and salaries for the season. The theatre had been leased and everything was in readiness. I looked at those actors and actresses in wonder, amazed at the thought that I was soon to be one of them.

NONE of them seemed to have any money. Their faces were lined by deceits, by petty self-denials, by misery, and yet they were all happy, sustained by a magnificent vanity. This was the profession I was embracing. Only the stage manager, a wrinkled, wizened little fellow by the name of Curtis, seemed to show any signs of bitterness. He had a silent, clever face, and there was something about him that made people respect him. He was the only one whom Yvonne did not treat with regal disdain. In fact, she seemed somehow intimate with him.

Rehearsals began at once, and first Yvonne told me that there was no part for me in the opening play, and I would have to wait until a suitable part turned up. The week went by, as did the next and then the next. I grew weary of my enforced inactivity. When Yvonne was with me, I yielded up to long hours of love making. But away from her and her spell, my thoughts would traitorously turn to the Carlsens and to Laura, and I would grind my nails in my palms at the thought of my weakness and disloyalty.

And though Yvonne gave herself up to love wonderfully, mingling fierceness and gentleness as I have known no other woman to do, she was difficult to live with. The jealousy I have mentioned on the first day of our arrival in Pittsburgh was not the least nor the last indication.

SHE would plunge, without warning and without foundation, into some scene of bitter reproaches, and grow wildly hysterical, in spite of all my attempts to soothe her and bring her to reason. She grew jealous of the ingenue of the company, claiming that I went to rehearsals just to watch her, with the result that the girl was discharged, and for more than two days Yvonne would have nothing to do with me.

It was passion, not love, but I sometimes think it gripped me more tenaciously in its evil greed than true love could have done. And then I found out something that made me shiver at its realization. When I asked Yvonne again and again about a part and the chance to work, she told me at last that she had never had any intention of employing me in the first place.

"Do you think," she said, "that I would trust my leads to a rank amateur? Why, you couldn't even *walk* across a stage!"

"But these rooms," I faltered, "the way we're living here—how do you expect me to put up for my share?"

"I don't expect you to," she answered calmly.

"I got you to come here, because you attracted me, fascinated me in a way . . ."

"Then you mean," I cried aghast, "that you want me to go on this way? Why, it's the same thing as keeping me!"

SHE saw the revolt in my face, and she put her beautifully rounded arms around my neck, and offered those red lips of hers. "But I love you," she said.

The manhood in me awoke, struggling furiously. I saw those lips, and the scent of her hair was in my nostrils. In that moment I hated and loved her equally. She meant me to stay on, paying for nothing, living like a pampered idler, on her earnings. There were men who did things like that, I knew, but I was not yet reduced to being one of them.

"By God, no!" I cried. I pulled myself free of her embrace. "You'll give me a part and so let me stand my share of this expense, or I'll——"

"You'll what?"

I looked at her, and if ever I faced temptation, it was at that moment.

"I'll go," I ended hoarsely, yet in a manner that showed I meant what I said.

Then she flung herself down before me, told me she couldn't live without me, wept, implored, and tried all her wiles. At one moment she'd threaten, only to break next into passionate pleading. But I was obdurate, and I had only to pick up my hat when she shrieked out her willingness to accede to my request. Then she made me swear to have nothing to do with any of the other actresses in the company, and I saw at last why she had tried to keep me from playing in the theatre. It took source from her insane jealousy.

The next week I was given a part, and it was about the usual size given to a raw beginner. It had, I think, about eight sides in all. As an old man I had to hobble out on the stage, leaning on a cane, and mutter a few lines which explained part of the plot of a stagey old stock-melodrama. There was a laugh in one line, however, and the Monday night when I made my debut in the theatre, I saw for the first time the things that mean so much to an actor.

There were only a few people out front, but in my make-up, with which Curtis, the stage manager, had aided me, I was as shaky as if I were performing before a Broadway first-night crowd. After the opening words I gained confidence, and then came my gag line. I paused after its utterance. I heard a ripple of laughter go over the audience, rise more loudly, and then die away. A peculiar sense of triumph rose in me, and from that moment my destiny was sealed. I knew that no matter what happened to me henceforth, the peculiar spell of the theatre was on me: I was an actor!

Under the stimulus of the work, and with new and larger parts as the weeks went on, I began to find a certain consolation. Less and less, Laura Carlsen came into my thoughts. It was as if I were living in a dream world, and soon the theatrical papers, the gossip of my fellow players, bounded my own horizon. I joined in discussions, took part in arguments. I remember one man, the juvenile, left suddenly to take an offer from one of the many obscure motion picture companies of those days.

WE ALL spoke of the step as a terrific blunder. Why, it was like being a barker in a circus, it had nothing to do with the art of acting!

"And take it from me," the heavy of the company added, "this motion picture stunt is a novelty that the public will be sick and tired of within a year. It can't last. It hasn't got the goods!"

And we all nodded our heads sagely and in agreement.

One of the strange things that I soon discovered was that though the company hardly seemed financially secure, Yvonne had always plenty of money, and salaries were paid on the dot. My own modest forty a week was just about ample to pay my bill at the hotel, and from now on I felt I was regaining some of my self-respect, and even a measure of independence.

But I wondered often where the money came from. We were playing against a rival stock company of secure reputation, and there were other theatres besides that for touring companies at the time I speak of. Our houses were invariably poor, yet Yvonne threw herself into the work with the same passionate intensity which she displayed in her jealous love.

Where did the money come from? Had she resources of her own? Why were she and little Curtis forever whispering guiltily together? But if she did have money, why on earth was she going through the grind of stock acting for thin houses and a complete lack of recognition? In an unguarded moment I mentioned something of this sort, and my words unloosed a tempest.

"Are you blind?" she cried. "Haven't you seen me act? Don't you know what the critic of the *Dispatch* said about me? Just because I'm down here, playing as I am, you don't seem to appreciate the fact that I'm an artist, yes, an artist——"

Her voice trailed in shrill boasting, equally shrill denunciations of the prejudice and stupidity of Broadway producers, and I had still another inkling of the theatre temperament, that mixture of vanity and illusion which sustains the devotees of the most nerve-wracking calling in the world.

But if this explained to me why Yvonne Weldon continued to work like a slave in her stock company, it didn't tell me where her money came from, and long before this, I had realized that if the stock company did by any chance pay for itself, at least it made no profit.

And then one day I discovered.

It was four o'clock of a Sunday afternoon that Yvonne and I were in our rooms together. She was struggling to commit to memory next week's part, and I had already mastered mine, and was glancing over the Sunday papers. Except for the Bohemian and slipshod way in which we were dressed, we might easily have been taken for a conventional, domestic couple.

YVONNE was wearing a rose-colored dressing gown, through which her bare arms gleamed. Her legs, crossed comfortably, as she frowned in concentration, revealed their curves in silk. I was in a smoking jacket, and before each of us there was a pile of cigarettes. A half empty bottle of Chartreuse stood on the reading table. All at once a rapid tattoo was sounded on the door. We both jumped, it was so sudden, almost frantic, in its staccato insistence.

I opened the door, and little Curtis, the stage manager, leaped into the room.

"Quick!" he cried to Yvonne, ignoring me. "*He's* here!"

The color went out of Yvonne's face. "He couldn't be!" she answered swiftly. "I had no word. You're crazy, Curtis!"

"I tell you, I saw him!" the stage manager said excitedly. "He's downstairs now. He'll be up any minute. I just sneaked in ahead of him to let you know."

Yvonne cast one wild glance around her, and her eyes fell on me with a look half-abstracted and half-despairing. Then a knock sounded on the door.

"Hide!" she whispered. "Oh, hurry! Hide, I tell you! Get into that closet! Curtis, pick up

(*Continued on page 26*)

"Hide!" she whispered. "Oh, hurry! Hide, I tell you! Get into that closet!" A knock sounded on the door.

The Home Life of the Holly-

***Movie Weekly's West Coast* repre-**
and finds out how the "other half"
and *Mae Murray* among

By Grace

Harold and *Mildred Lloyd* in their latest motor before their lovely *Hollywood* home.

Do you wonder how your favorite in pictures passes her time while away from the studios? Have you pondered if his or her life is in any wise different than your own? Then read this intimate glimpse of the Hollywood movie stars and come to see how they are just plain folks.—EDITOR.

TRAILING right along with the guy who wrote, "There's no place like home," is Harold Lloyd, who, even in his bachelor days, used to dwell with his brother, father and sister-in-law in the nice house in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles which Harold's money provided, and who used to prefer staying home most evenings to trotting about to cafes and theatres.

The comedian had a luxuriously fitted up study in those days, where he used to work on his stories at nights, and also figure out puzzles and tricks of magic. He is a member of the Magicians' Society of America, and you know that you cannot belong to this organization without being a skillful magician.

He also figures out gags for his pictures in this way at times, though usually the gagging is done right on the set as he works.

Harold doesn't do much slumming. He and Mildred Davis, his wife, enjoy an occasional evening with friends at home, quietly, an occasional evening dancing at the Biltmore or Ambassador, or they attend the theatre occasionally. Harold swims, plays tennis, and enjoys hiking. He and his dad used to take twenty-mile walks on days when Harold didn't work. And he likes fishing, but doesn't care much about hunting, not enjoying killing things, he says.

"I used to get up at four in the morning to go fishing, and fish all day," explained Harold, "but Mildred doesn't let me do that now.

"Can't see what a fellow ever wants to be out hitting up the high spots for when he's got a home," said Harold, the other day, when I rallied him about having always been a stay-at-home. Not that Harold ever criticizes anybody, either. He doesn't.

But if the Sunday School people want to find a picture star whom they can recommend for decent and clean and discreet living, they need go no further than Harold Lloyd.

Lloyd has his den in his new home, where he keeps his magic paraphernalia, his puzzles, his writing desk and typewriter.

A phonograph and a radio set provide amusement and entertainment at the Lloyd home, and hardly an evening passes that the two don't turn on the phonograph and practice new dance steps together. Mildred and Harold are beautiful dancers, and naturally prefer each other as partners—during this first year or two, anyway.

MILDRED has a tendency to plumpness, which she is trying to overcome by dieting on lamb chops and pineapple. But moaning heavily meanwhile! Well, who wouldn't?

Harold's day is a very methodical one. He rises at six when working—which is nearly always, as he takes little time between pictures—goes to the studio, motoring or walking the distance of a couple of miles, taking a few minutes only for lunch, and leaving off work around six o'clock. On the set he kids about a good deal with his gag men and fellow actors, as he believes that in this way he gets into the atmosphere and spirit of comedy, and he works half a day sometimes on a gag, at times finally discarding it.

When Lloyd works at night, he frequently also works the following day. In fact, he is one of the hardest workers in the films.

The home of the *Lloyds—Harold* and *Mildred*—in *Hollywood*. It was this house that *Harold* built specially for his bride on the eve of their marriage.

At present the Lloyds are planning a new home, although their present house is a beautiful mansion in the Wilshire District.

"But I want to build out in the hills," explained Lloyd, the other day, "where we can have a big swimming pool and tennis court, and plenty of grounds about the place."

wood Screen Stars

sentative visits *Harold* and *Mildred Lloyd* of *moviedom* lives—*Patsy Ruth Miller* other *film folk* called upon

Kingsley

Mildred has been very anxious to return to films, but it is all settled now. She is not to return until she can be properly starred in her own organization on Harold Lloyd's studio space, or at his own studio if he builds one.

In the meantime, Mildred is remaining a quiet little housewife.

We were talking about children, one day, and Mildred admitted she wanted very much to have little ones.

"That's a natural feeling," declared Mildred, "and Harold is so fond of children!"

Harold idolizes his little nephew, son of his brother, and Sunday nearly always sees him and Mildred over at his brother's house playing with the youngster, now over a year old.

Patsy Ruth Miller's Family Life

"I'M a family girl!" declared Patsy Ruth Miller, the other day. "There are father and mother and my little brother and Rags, the dog. Brother and I are in the movies, and Rags has had an offer, but I have put my foot down firmly! Rags is still pure, thank heaven!

"You know father and mother came here in spite of the movies, instead of because of them!"

Patsy Ruth paused to grin.

"Mother," she went on, "was always asking father, back in St. Louis, to come out to California and visit her relatives, but father wouldn't. He said, 'Nothing doing! I'm afraid my children will want to go into the movies!' But mother finally persuaded him, and we've barely arrived, when—Splash!—I go into the pictures! It was an awful blow to father

"I lead a sort of a double life, you know. I'm a society butterfly in the hours when I'm not a busy bee in the pictures. When I'm with the society people I forget all about pictures — I don't think that they think I'm much of an actress, anyhow—and when I'm in picture crowds I can talk as pictury as anybody—talk about pictures being in their infancy, about my leading man, and all that. I love playing bridge, but I couldn't stand a round of bridge parties. And when people say they like Mah-Jong, I don't believe them. You just get them aside, and you'll always find that they weaken; they say: 'Well, the little things are cute to look at, anyway!' I go to parties late sometimes, when I finish work at the studio in night scenes, and my society friends look at me reproachfully and say, 'Why couldn't you *tell* the director that you had to go to a party and couldn't work tonight?'

Patsy Ruth Miller plays a wicked game of golf, we'll have you know. Here is *Patsy* enjoying an idle hour off the set.

"I'm a member of the Writers Club in Hollywood, however, and I do enjoy that relationship so much. I love to talk books with those people.

"I take a cold bath every morning. I must be always in the best physical condition. If you feel inert and heavy, your mind won't keep up to standard. I want to be on tip-toe every moment of the day.

"I go walking every Sunday morning, and——"

"With whom?" I demanded.

"OH," laughed Patsy Ruth, "with any of my seven most special men friends . . . No, they don't usually all come at once. But one morning they did—all seven of them! Can you imagine me being boosted and hauled up the Hollywood mountains by seven men? But it's a great test of their devotion, because I always start out at 7:30.

"I get up as early as I have to when I'm working—anywhere from 5:30 to 7 o'clock. But I get up at ten and go without breakfast and eat only a moderate lunch, as I think moderation in food is better than strenuous dieting by fits and starts.

"Of course I don't do much society when I am working. It is wonderful that my friends stick to me as they do. Because I won't force myself to act jolly when I don't feel that way.

"One social event in the picture world I always attend: that (*Continued on page* 30)

At home with her flowers. Here is *Mae Murray*, popular screen star, relaxing on her *Hollywood* estate.

"The Marriage Circle" reveals

Fine originality shown in new film—*"The Stranger," "The Shadow of the East"* and *"Fashion Row,"* among other pictures of the week

Reviewed by John W. Vandercook

Marie Prevost **and** ***Monte Blue*** **mixing matrimony in a scene from** ***"The Marriage Circle."***

"THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE"

Something New Under the Celluloid Sun

Presented at the Strand Theatre, New York, with a cast including Florence Vidor, Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Creighton Hale, Adolphe Menjou and Harry Myers. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. A Warner Brothers production.

The title of "The Marriage Circle" is significant. Triangles and other obtuse geometrical forms are not the stuff with which Ernst Lubitsch blocks his canvas. Nothing that has ever been done before concerns him for an instant. He is completely original.

"The Marriage Circle," his latest production, is a masterpiece of screen brilliance. To all who enjoy cleverness of action and situation, to those who pine for naturalism upon the screen, and to all who prefer gurgling, chuckling and snickering to their more ready poor relation, laughter, Mr. Lubitsch's film is unqualifiedly recommended.

In 1912 D. W. Griffith discovered the close-up. In 1924 Ernst Lubitsch discovered how it should be used. Since the Garden of Eden, backgrounds have been in prominence. It required the genius of this most remarkable of directors to retire them into obscurity.

When one comes away from the theatre where "The Marriage Circle" is playing, he brings with him one impression—acting. There is no foggy recollection of plush sofa cushions, cabaret carousels, or of impossible clothes worn by impossible females. On the contrary, one's mind is stimulated and one's disposition improved for days to come.

What is "The Marriage Circle" about? It is hard to define. It is about people, that is all. It is important, of course, that the people concerned happen to be exceedingly clever and well-bred, are married, and become embroiled in absurdly complicated misunderstandings. But what is really of import is that these people are so marvelously *real.* If you don't at once feel that you know them—or their prototypes, you assuredly feel you'd like to.

They slide in and out of domestic difficulties, lose their tempers, keep their senses of humor, muddle themselves about with Gargantuan misunderstandings, then emerge with a gleeful laugh—probably to start all over again. The spectator partakes of it with a sense of intimacy almost unknown in a movie theatre.

Lubitsch, to put it more simply, has advanced a thousand per cent beyond the point set by Charles Chaplin in "A Woman of Paris." He has gone further to realize the screen as a definite and wholly distinct mode of artistic expression than any producer within our knowledge.

The cast is so perfect we avoid trying to describe that perfection. Each one is unbelievably marvelous—but credit still belongs to Mr. Lubitsch.

Adolphe Menjou and Monte Blue in particular, have absorbed much of the director's talent.

It's his party. Don't fail to go.

"THE STRANGER"

Betty Compson in Galsworthy's Novel

Presented at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, with a cast including Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Lewis Stone, Tully Marshall, Robert Schable and Frank Nelson. Directed by Joseph Henabery. A Paramount Picture. From a story by John Galsworthy.

Melodrama comes in many shades—from the shining white "King Arthur" sort, to the blazing red of the American ten-twenty-thirty. "The Stranger" ranks chromatically as rather faded pink.

The story is by John Galsworthy. That eminent novelist's gifts lie rather in the delineation of character and in the creation of "atmosphere" than in the telling of a tale. Inasmuch as purely literary talents find all roads to the screen blocked, Mr. Galsworthy's contribution to the cinema version of his story was small. But that of Joseph Henabery, the director, was great.

The plot—what there is of it—concerns a London slum girl—the devotion of an old scrubman to her—her romance with a wealthy young English prodigal son—and the tragedy that nearly blasts her life.

Then, there is a marvelously unique and interesting situation at the end. We'll be nice and not disclose the secret. The temptation is great.

The tempo is irritatingly slow in the opening reels, but once the fun begins it begins with a vengeance and proceeds mightily to the above mentioned climax.

The situation is aided considerably by the performances of its several players. Most distinguished of all is Tully Marshall as the old scrubman. If ever a man merited stardom, Mr. Mar-

Betty Compson and Robert Schable getting on very badly in ***"The Stranger," John Galsworthy's*** **story for the screen.**

Lubitsch as Screen Genius

shall does in this picture. He is superlatively fine.

Betty Compson gives an adequate but uneven performance. She seems to have little understanding of her role, and none of the type of character she was supposed to represent. Richard Dix is excellent in his usual delightfully natural way.

But it's the climax that's the knock-out!

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

"THE SHADOW OF THE EAST"

Still Another Sheik Picture

Previewed at the Fox Studio, New York. Produced by George Archainbaud, with a cast including Frank Mayo, Mildred Harris, Norman Kerry, and Evelyn Brent. From the novel by E. M. Hull. Scenario by Frederick and Fanny Hatton.

When a motion picture permits itself to fall into a definite classification, it destroys its chances for arousing enthusiasm. Without that potentiality it can hope for little. Like a humdrum human personality, it simply lives its hour i' the sun, earns its moderate success, and eventually slips quietly into an unmarked tomb—to be followed by countless thousands of descendants. There is little to be said for it—and still less to be said against it.

"The Shadow of the East," taken from E. M. Hull's novel, promptly falls into the "sheik" classification. It is better than many of its kind and inferior to a few.

The connection is not observable in the story. Some decidedly new twists have been furnished, but the background and the atmosphere of the film is undeniably sandy.

Two Englishmen—friends—come to the East. One marries an Oriental girl. She dies. He returns to England and weds a woman of his own class and color. But the shadow of his dead bride perpetually rises before him to make home life harder. In desperation, he hurries back to the East. And then things are straightened out. The other English friend, of course, proves false and motivates all the trouble. But with a final quirk of good judgment, even he is honored with a satisfactory close-up and forgiveness in the end.

The photography is remarkably lovely. The many palm-tree, sand-dune, caravan and Arab horsemen shots are given new value by the intelligence of their handling and the charm of their pictorial beauty.

The cast is adequate to the demands put upon it. Frank Mayo, as the hero, and Norman Kerry, as the heavy, are particularly effective.

Mildred Harris is, as usual, nothing special one way or another.

AT RIGHT: *Mae Murray in the clutches of the unfashionable Elmo Lincoln in a shot from "Fashion Row."*

Norman Kerry and Mildred Harris casting a single shadow in E. M. Hull's "The Shadow of the East."

"FASHION ROW"

Mae Murray in Romantic Nonsense

Presented at the Capitol Theatre, New York, with a cast including Mae Murray, Earle Foxe, Freeman Wood, Elmo Lincoln and Madame Rosanova. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. A Metro Picture.

It all boils down to whether or not you like Mae Murray. She *is* "Fashion Row." If you think she's the grandest person who ever wore exotic gowns, you'll have a marvelous time. But if you happen to share our private opinion that Miss Murray is strictly a fourth-rate actress, your enjoyment will be less.

She plays a dual role. Blonde and pseudo-wistful, decked forth in low comedy Ellis Island garments she is the sister of a brunette actress of wild and woolly ways.

In Role One, moments of almost unbearable "cuteness" are accomplished. Miss Murray' appearance of youth is genuinely charming, and she carries it off with a skill worthy of an actress. In Role Two, a complete and interesting contrast is provided. With the assistance of a fuzzy wig and extraordinary clothes, she lapses gloriously into that strange fashion of posing which gives the impression she is perpetually ready to break into an abandoned combination of the shimmy and the tango.

The story is of the Russian caviare school—but 'tis pork and beans to the general public. Role Two, you see, comes of lowly origin, but due to her ability to look peculiar in clothes, she has attained fame as an actress and has married a wealthy young scion of a First Family. Mater Familias, of course, is awfully fussy about "blood." And the villain—in the extraordinarily interesting person of Elmo Lincoln, pursues her across sea and land to wreak his vengeance—for nothing less than a mean cut on the face she once had given him. And so it goes. And so it goes. But not nearly fast enough.

Plot there is in ample blobs—gowns by the shopful, fancy dress balls, (*Continued on page 29*)

The Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress

The great adventure of the search for fame along the steep paths of movieland brings many other adventures in its wake. Hazel, talented, young and beautiful, comes into contact with grave dangers and evil instruments of disaster at the very outset of her meteoric career. Can she win out? Emerge unharmed? Read this fascinating story, written by her co-worker of the studios, the WARDROBE MISTRESS

WHEN Hazel, a charming little beauty contest winner from Kansas, came to Hollywood to win screen fame, I was at once drawn to her because of her fresh innocence. In my position as wardrobe mistress around the studio, I had seen many aspirants come and go, fail and succeed, but never one who appealed to my sympathies as did Hazel.

So, when I saw that De Saulles, an unscrupulous cameraman with a fondness for women, was trying to make a conquest of Hazel, I felt that I must do my best to shield her from his evil designs. I was unable to convince Hazel of his villainy until one evening when De Saulles persuaded her to take a moonlight automobile ride with him and attempted to force his attentions upon her. Hazel, chastened by this experience, turned with renewed energy to her screen work. In fact, she showed such ability that Paul Dexter, the director, gave her the coveted role of leading woman for a famous male star.

In the midst of Hazel's elation over her progress, however, Jimmy, her home-town sweetheart, made his appearance in Hollywood. The free and easy attitude of the studio in which Hazel worked made him fearful of her ability to withstand the temptations of such an environment. He told her flatly, before departing for home, that she would have to choose between her screen career and himself.

Hazel was heartbroken; she was devoted to Jimmy, but she couldn't bear the thought of giving up her career just when Fame was beginning to beckon to her.

Plans for the picture went on, and the company went to San Diego on location. San Diego is just across the border from Tia Juana, a wide-open town, where law means nothing, where gambling and drinking and shooting are rife, and where a white woman is not safe on the street alone. Partly for our protection, and partly as a safeguard against scandal, an order was given out by studio headquarters that none of the women were to cross the border.

When we reached San Diego, I breathed a sigh of relief. At last, thought I, we were far away from De Saulles, and Hazel was firmly out of his clutches for the time. In this, however, I was mistaken. For De Saulles, in the midst of our work taking scenes one day, suddenly turned up. The company he was working with was not making a picture at the moment and he had decided to spend his vacation around and about Tia Juana.

"He's still back there," said *Steve*. "There's no hope for him. Booze and dope have done for him. But he still retains some instinct of manliness and decency."

At least, I told myself, watching De Saulles, he displayed no interest whatever in Hazel. Probably, I decided, he had turned his attentions elsewhere by now. But my optimism was short-lived. For, just after I had gotten to bed one night, I was awakened by loud knocking on my door. Barty, one of the men of the company, told me excitedly that Hazel had disappeared; I was to dress quickly and go to Tia Juana with them to find her.

De Saulles, it seems, had persuaded several of the girls to drive to Tia Juana with him. Hazel, thinking herself quite safe because of the presence of the other girls, consented to go along. The others had come back, but De Saulles and Hazel were still missing.

In Tia Juana, Barty introduced me to Steve Blakelock. Though he was a gambler, he was the soul of chivalry where women were concerned and he and his gang set about to help us find Hazel. We wandered about fruitlessly all morning, and then, at last, we came upon a clue. I saw Hazel's blue scarf dangling from the pocket of a Mexican. Breathlessly we followed him into a small adobe building, where the men of our party drew their guns, and there was a typical movie melee of men and shots and furniture. Steve levelled an ominous revolver at the proprietor of the place.

FROM my barricade behind the table I beheld the disordered room and the grim figures in front of me as in a dream—the evil-looking Mexican gazing into the gun-barrel with his lips drawn back, just like an animal in rage and terror when confronted by danger; Steve Blakelock, cool and resourceful, his eyes never leaving his enemy's face.

And still it seemed that it must all be just a scene for the movies, which was being rehearsed, and that soon I would hear Paul Dexter's voice saying: "Cut!" in a satisfied tone.

But no such relieving thing happened. We were out on the barren plains of Mexico, away from the protection of Uncle Sam, with only the nerve and daring of this little handful of gamblers and cowboys standing between us and immediate death.

I heard Steve say, with a sudden jerk of the gun:

"Where are the man and the girl who came here yesterday?"

Then, as the Mexican hesitated:

"Out with it, or I'll blow your brains out!"

Fear crumpled up the swarthy face against the wall. It made me think of a flimsy paper lantern in which the brave, ruddy glow has suddenly gone out, leaving nothing but some collapsed tissue. That quick, meaningful move of the gun had done it.

"Down there!" gasped the Mexican, nodding toward a dark corner of the room.

The happenings of the next few moments are etched as clearly in my mind for all time to come as though they had happened but yesterday. Without lowering the gun, Steve told one of the other men to come and take his place guarding Pablo, the Mexican. Shorty and his crowd of "Americans" were holding the gang outside at bay. Steve, with drawn revolver, walked to the dark corner Pablo had indicated. With a quick movement he lifted a trap door.

THERE was no sound from below, nothing but that terrible patch of inky blackness, hiding who knew what horrors beyond it? At thought of Hazel being down in that filthy pit, I forgot all caution and rushed forward from the corner. Had I not called Steve's name as I ran, I would have probably got a bullet in me, as those men were in no temper to do much investigating before shooting. It must have surprised them to see me, as I doubt if any of them even knew I was in the room.

Steve gently put out his free hand to steady me as I reached his side. It was well he did, as I was trembling uncontrollably.

"You'd better stand back, Mrs. Loring," he said. "I'll go down and get her up as quickly as possible. Has anybody got a flashlight?"

"Don't take any chances with that viper De Saulles," I warned Steve. "If he has a gun, he will shoot you when you are half-way down the ladder."

"That's a risk I'll have to take, Mrs. Loring," said the gambler. I looked into his face and met the calm, brave look in those steel-grey eyes. I could have fallen on my knees and kissed his hand! My own studio band had deserted me. But in this reckless gambler I had found such courage and generosity as one seldom finds on this earth. For me, a stranger, to whom he was not indebted in any way and whom he had never even seen until a few hours previous, he was ready to give up his life without so much as a single dramatic gesture of self-praise!

I couldn't say a word. But it was not necessary. Steve read in my face all the gratitude and admiration which I could not express. He stepped forward, and with his gun in one hand, he began the descent of the rickety ladder. The beams from the flashlight, held by one of the men, who lay on the floor and thrust it down into the pit, showed that the cellar or dungeon was not very deep. I was crowded close in with the men, hoping, praying, agonizing as I bent forward, straining my eyes into the gloom. Some old sacks and other rubbish lay at the foot of the ladder.

Steve had reached the bottom and stood looking around.

"Hand down the light," he called up in a moment. "You can't throw it into the corners from up there."

PROMPTLY Edgren, another gambler, descended the ladder, taking the light with him. There was a terrible moment of suspense while the two men groped their way around. Suddenly I heard an exclamation from one of them. Another awful instant of waiting, which seemed an eternity, but which, I suppose, was in reality about thirty seconds, then—a weak, broken voice, a girl's voice! Hazel's!

I would have crawled right down the ladder had not the men restrained me. At least she was not dead. She was alive. She could speak. I snatched at just this one crumb of comfort with a feeling of overwhelming relief.

And then I saw them bringing her up out of that filthy pit—my poor little girl, my poor little bedraggled butterfly, so cruelly broken on the glittering, uncaring wheel of moviedom.

Her beautiful curls hung in matted disorder over the shoulder of Steve Blakelock, who was carrying her as tenderly as though she had been a baby. Her face was white as a lily and the dusky fringe of her eyelids had settled as wearily upon her cheeks as though in death. Her dainty little summer dress was torn and muddy, and there were bruises on her arms.

Eagerly I clasped the limp, pitiful burden, which Steve deposited on some coats the men had quickly spread on the floor. For Pablo's place offered not one iota of ease or comfort. Dirty, dark, forbidding, it was a very fit place in which to awaken from one's rainbow dreams of happiness and success.

I looked at the slight, girlish figure, lying so still in front of me. A picture of her as she was that first day when she danced into the studio flashed into my mind—eager brown eyes, glossy curls, pert, laughing face. I clenched my hands in a fury of hate as I glanced just once at the trap door through which they were now bringing De Saulles.

Unflinchingly I looked upon the red gash on his forehead. Will my readers think me hard and inhuman if I say that I exulted in it? Would you feel sorry if someone killed a snake which was about to strike you, or if it had already done so? Had they borne his lifeless body up that ladder, I must confess I would have felt only relief and gratitude! He alone was responsible for this sad tragedy which had come upon us, for wrecking my darling's life when it might have blossomed into such splendor and achievement. For undoubtedly Hazel's days in the movies were done and I feared this incident would affect her whole life. The public would not stand for any more scandals from Hollywood, even had the studio heads been disposed to overlook the affair, and I knew they would not be.

IT WAS with satisfaction that I noted Steve and his men were handling De Saulles none too gently. They flopped him down in a corner as though they hated to touch him and I've no doubt they did. Aside from taking the gag from his mouth, they did nothing to make him comfortable. The scoundrel was conscious. I caught his eyes upon me as I turned my head quickly once. But I was too much concerned about Hazel to bother about him just then.

Steve had taken some whiskey from a cupboard indicated by Pablo, who was now thoroughly cowed and securely tied, both hands and feet. While I supported her, Steve poured some of the burning fluid between her pale lips. I almost dreaded to have her open her eyes. What shadow of terrible experiences would they not hold?

Presently she sighed. Her white lids were raised slowly, wearily. Then,

(*Continued on page 24*)

Don't take any chances with that viper," I warned. "If he has a gun he will shoot when you are half-way down the ladder."

Mary Miles Minter engaged again

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

If there is ever any competition for the most engaged girl in the world, our vote is hereby cast for Mary Miles Minter. She slips out of one engagement right into another, if all reports are true. The latest fiance she is credited with is Dr. Raymond G. Mixsell. He is a wealthy society man with one of the most pretentious estates in Pasadena and is the "ritziest" of any of Mary's alleged fiances. All Pasadena has been gossiping about the reported engagement.

Mary, it seems, is never lacking for suitors. About two years ago, the gossips were all agog over a possible marriage between her and Orville Erringer, wealthy Chicago fruit packer. Before anyone was quite sure whether the engagement was on or off, Cupid again came to bat and word went out that Mary was betrothed to Thomas Dixon, son of the New York pencil king.

This report had hardly died down when along came the excitingly tragic episode of the William D. Taylor murder, and Mary's admission of her love for him. Months later, Gaston Glass was said to have captured the little star's heart, and since then, there was Louis Sherwin, another devoted admirer.

But this time, according to the Hollywood wiseacres, the engagement is really and truly on and Mary will soon become Mrs. Raymond Mixsell.

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Bebe Buys a New Home in Hollywood

Bebe Daniels and her mamma, Phyllis Daniels, have moved into their lovely new home on Commonwealth Ave. Heretofore Bebe and her mother have dwelt in perfectly unbelievable harmony with all their "sisters and their cousins and their aunts," but even if they were all happy together, and even if Bebe does miss her favorite Aunt Nellie, she is happy to be in a house with just her mother and the servants, where she can have things absolutely quiet when she comes home tired from her work.

"But, of course, I'm going to have them all to visit me, one at a time," says Bebe, who is a family loving young lady, like most Spanish girls.

One member of the family who is always welcome to come and to stay as long as she will is Bebe's grandmother, Mrs. Griffin, to whom Bebe is deeply attached.

Bebe has a genuinely affectionate nature, with a depth of loyalty that is unusual, and I'll bet if she ever marries, it will be "for keeps." Just now there doesn't seem to be anybody in the running who has any advantage over the rest of Bebe's numerous beaux.

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Estelle Taylor Has a Suppressed Longing

Just honing and hankering to play something cute, is Estelle Taylor.

"But fate is always against me," explained Estelle the other day. "I went down to the Ringling Brothers Circus winter quarters the other day to be photographed with the different animals, and I didn't mind even when the kangaroo kicked me. What made me sore was standing me up alongside five midgets! And just when I am trying to convince everybody that I am little and cute!"

Edna Purviance Not To Be Charlie's Leading Woman

It looks as though Edna Purviance were not to be Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in his new picture, after all. It is not, says Charlie, because of Miss Purviance's presence in the house when Dines was shot that she is not to be in his picture, but because he had about made up his mind in any event to use a brunette as a new type. However,

Jack Pickford as *"The Hill-Billy,"* gives the bear the lion's share of the watermelon.

he may yet decide to use his former leading woman.

There is another thing: Miss Purviance is supposed to be starred in her own pictures, and as Charie's picture will take some six months to make, it is possible she may wish to make another feature before he finishes the current one.

Charlie's picture will be a burlesque of the stories of the "great Northwest, where men are men." The picture will be comedy from start to finish, and it is expected that Charlie's cuttings-up in driving a dog-team and on snow-shoes, will be very funny.

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Even Screen Stars Have Disappointments

Poor little Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's bride, isn't going to have a chance to see Europe yet awhile, after all. The reason is that Harold's latest picture, named "Girl Shy," instead of "The Girl Expert," was delayed in completion, and he must start work almost at once on another film feature.

But in the meantime Harold has gone to New York for a short business trip. He and Mildred will, however, go to Europe next fall, they hope, or possibly next summer.

He has two new stories under consideration for his new picture, one a college story, the other a domestic comedy. Jobyna Ralston will continue to be his leading lady.

At any rate, Mildred can console herself in the building of the new home which she and Harold are planning. And Harold is busy evenings, too, planning his big new studio at Westwood.

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Blanche Sweet to Play "Tess," Directed by Her Husband

Blanche Sweet adores a rest at the milk farm sanitarium near Los Angeles, but is working so hard she finds it difficult to get the necessary two weeks off in which to retire to that quiet place where all that can be heard is the gurgling of milk down the patients' throats and the sound of California poppies popping.

Besides which, Marshal Neilan now wants her to go with him to the mountains for a vacation, before the two begin work in "Tess of the D'Ubervilles," in which Neilan will direct his wife for the first time in many a moon.

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Take That, Viola!

Viola Dana has a new colored maid who affords her much amusement. Viola loves to "kid" her, but the mammy is right there with her come-back. One day, between scenes of "In Search of a Thrill," which Miss Dana has been making, she asked Maria if she ever heard strange voices and didn't know where they came from.

"Ah sho' does," said Maria, "ah sho' does, Miss Dana."

"Ah-h," said Viola with a twinkle, thinking to pin down one of Maria's superstitions, "and when do you hear these—er—voices?"

"When ah's talkin' ober the telephone."

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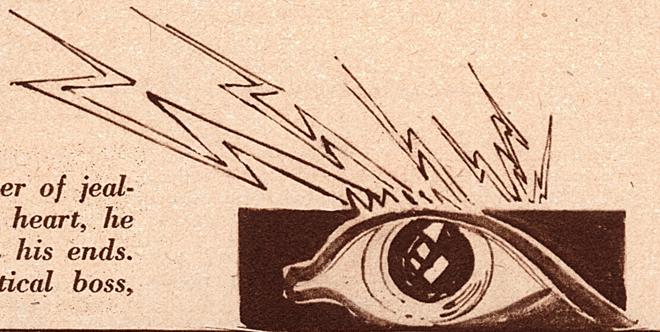
Maude George Lends Realism

Maude George, when playing a role in "Torment," lent an unexpected touch of realism to her acting. In the midst of a dramatic scene, Miss George fainted, quite in keeping with the script.

At the completion of the scene, Miss George proved to be really unconscious, overcome by the heat of the sun-arc lamps.

The studio physician ordered a week's rest.

By Divine Right



When the green-eyed monster of jealousy takes root in a man's heart, he will stop at nothing to gain his ends. Thus with Trent, the political boss, when he discovered that the gentle friend of humanity who ran a slum mission had won away the woman he wanted. Read this smashing fictionization of the Film Booking Office's screen version of Adam Hull Shirk's novel, "The Way Men Love"

By Charles Warnerby

"Do you want him croaked?" *Clancy* asked.

"LET me go!" Mildred panted, as the heavy hand of Trent descended and closed upon her soft white arm. The touch of the man was repulsive to her and she strove to free herself from his grasp.

"I like you, kid," throated the big political boss hoarsely. "I like you and I want you. Come here, won't you?"

Again he sought to draw her to him and again Mildred resisted her employer's approach. This was hideous, she thought, as she fought off his advances. But she had seen it coming for months, she realized. She had known of her employer's secret but mad infatuation that only this morning had broken the door of restraint and leaped like a roaring torrent over the sill of convention, engulfing her in its hated depths.

"Stop!" she cried.

But Trent, maddened now, pursued his original intention, regardless of her protests. At last, able to stand it no longer, Mildred, with a mighty effort and in the face of his protestations of devotion and promises of aid in a material way, broke from his clutch. Her back was against the door and her hand, reaching behind her, found its knob.

"You swine!" she cried, and the next instant she had slammed the door in his face.

But he had shouted, "You'll be sorry for that!" and she had reason to remember his words for many a day to come.

Leaving the office, Mildred sought the business section of the city in quest of another position. But times, as she was to learn, were unusually dull, and business firms were more engaged in laying people off than they were in taking them on. It was discouraging for Mildred. She wished desperately now that she had saved more than she had done in the recent months that she had been working for Trent.

Coming at dusk into a poorer quarter of the city, Mildred paused by a mission, inside of which a man was singing. She hesitated a moment, then stepped inside, listening silently to the singer of the hymn, who was in the mission quite alone. He saw her at last as she turned to go, and called to her.

"Please stay!" he urged.

Mildred waited and, as he came up and they talked and she told him her troubles, a strange sense of contentment took possession of her.

"You are in need of help?" he asked. "Then I am your friend. Might I suggest that you stay here and become my assistant?"

Mildred turned to him impulsively. A great weight was lifted from her heart. She liked this man. As he spoke, they heard someone enter behind them; she turned and discovered Trent standing in the doorway.

"Well!" he exclaimed heavily, "I thought I'd find you. So you've come to a church for help, eh? Well, I'm glad to see you realize you need it at last. Maybe you'll appreciate me now."

Mildred, at first alarmed, turned now to her new-found friend, Austin Farrol, the Prince of the Ghetto. He was very calm, Mildred noticed, and she found herself wondering if there was anything that could shake the iron demeanor of this man.

"I BEG your pardon," he said quietly to Trent. "I was singing and this young lady stepped inside to hear me. We met in that way and now she is going to remain as my assistant."

The bull-necked countenance of Trent turned purple, as Mildred remembered having seen it do that morning when she had called him a 'swine.' She trembled before the force of his wrath, but was reassured by the tall commanding figure of Farrol at her side.

"Oh, she is, is she!" Trent grated savagely. "Well, she left my employ without so much as a five minutes' notice, and I'm here to say that unless she returns to my office and works out her week, this town won't be big enough to hold the two of us."

Farrol eyed Trent coolly.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured calmly. "But just what, may I ask, is this young lady to you?"

"She is my employee!" Trent stormed fiercely.

"Even so," Farrol continued quietly, "that doesn't mean that she is your slave. Now, it so happens that she found employment in your office today distasteful to her. Why, we shall not say. But she found it distasteful and she availed herself of the inalienable right of every American citizen—either to continue working for you or to cease. She chose the latter, and so far as I can see, that is wholly and solely her own affair."

TRENT'S heavy jowls closed with a snap of bull-dog determination. His eyes narrowed in a menacing glint that boded ill for Austin Farrol.

"And who are you?" he demanded harshly, all his pugnacity centering upon the Prince of the Ghetto and the friend of man.

Farrol smiled slightly.

"Only a man," he returned calmly, "who desires to help others. That is all."

But it was not enough for Trent.

He shook a heavy and trembling fist at Farrol and the veins on his beefy neck swelled apoplectically. "I'll show you where you get off!" he shouted angrily. "I don't know who you are or what you are, anyway, but I'll show you you can't lock horns with Jack Trent without being sorry for it."

Farrol inclined his head slightly.

"As you please," he said softly. "This is my mission here and you are welcome to remain. I am sorry you feel as hostile as you do, but if nothing can soften your feeling, no animosity of mine could help matters any." (Continued on page 29)

The Trail I Struck to HOLLYWOOD

Margey, who came from a small Southern country town to try her fortunes in the land of moviedom, found herself embroiled in a series of emotional experiences she was but ill-fitted to cope with. John Barrow, the wealthy film producer, was married and years her senior . . . Jimmy, she did not love . . . fame beckoned . . . love held back . . . But read this thrilling real-life narrative written by Margey, HERSELF

I CAME from a tiny village in Georgia, my native state, to seek my fortune upon the screen. More than the common series of misfortunes were my lot until, at last, through a blessed circumstance, I met John Barrow, the movie producer . . . and, though he has never known, fell passionately in love with him.

So, although Jimmy Mulligan loved me devotedly, I could say nothing to him . . . poor boy. Even so, my delight was very real when I discovered he was to accompany us on the Hawaiian trip, with Mr. Barrow's film company, which was to mark my first real opportunity upon the screen.

Helen Faverish, a noted star, more and more occupied the time of Mr. Barrow, and Jimmy and I were thrown, therefore, more together.

After our arrival in Hawaii, Jimmy and I were always together. One night, when some native men became too attentive to me it was he who drove them off. And it was he with whom I was swimming through the dark sea at a bathing party one night when suddenly we felt ourselves seized, dragged from the water and thrown into the bottom of a small boat. Our eyes opened to see the natives whom Jimmy had repulsed so short a time before. We were in their power.

THE shock of my being captured, and the struggle that I had put up in an effort to get away before the natives threw me into their sailboat, sapped all of my strength and courage. As I lay in the bottom of the moving craft, the weight of a half-naked Hawaiian holding me down, I realized how foolish it would be to make another attempt to get away, or attempt to attract the attention of my friends in the surf.

Although I was frightened to the very depth of my being my mind did not lose its thinking power, and I was able to console myself in the thought that Jimmy had been taken along, too. If not, surely he would have made an effort to save me himself, or to get the others and follow.

"Jimmy!" I faltered, taking one unsteady step toward him. His eyes revealed the gladness he felt upon seeing me alive.

Why had the natives captured us?

When this question passed through my thoughts, I found the answer in the beady glances of hate that the native who seemed to be in command continually showered upon me. Lying there, I recognized him in the moonlight as the man who had played for us on the sands the night before. He had stolen Jimmy and myself to revenge himself and companions for the way Jimmy and Rodney had whipped them.

The weight of the man on my chest began to hurt me. My whole body, smarting as if it were a mass of bruises, ached until the tears were in my eyes. I began to moan . . . I could not keep back the cries of pain. The Hawaiian leader glowered at me and said something to the man who was sitting on me. A long piece of grassy-looking rope was bound around my arms and wrists. Then they stuck a dirty-looking piece of cloth in my mouth, nearly gagging me to death.

But for this new torture there was something to be thankful for. The native who had been holding me down got up, and the pains through my body seemed to be easing up somewhat. The minutes dragged by like hours as the little sailboat, groaning and creaking, splashed along, rocking more violently than ever. From the motion of the boat I figured we must be getting out on the open sea, where the swells and waves were bigger.

Suddenly the moon and stars went around in zigzag circles. I was thrown against the side of the boat. My head struck on something hard, like a huge stone. My last conscious thought was that the direction of the craft had been abruptly changed.

I WAKED up with sharp pains shooting through all of my body, and there seemed to be a terrible pressure against my head. The early morning's sun blinded my eyes, and for agonizing moments my dazed brain tried to get its bearings. Hazily I went back over events that were like incidents in a horrible nightmare. Had only one night passed, or was it ages since the natives had sprung up out of the waters and thrown me into their boat? And my poor mother, where was she, and was she worried to death about me?

These questions mixing and mingling with my thoughts, only served to confuse my mind more and more. It was not until a brown man came in and leaned over me to see if I was awake that I really came to a full and sudden realization of my predicament.

I opened my burning eyes again in great fear. A scream burst from my lips. I was lying on a mat of grass, nude, except for some kind of piece of white cloth around my waist. Not far away a boundless sea was breaking on a white shore. The only protection I had from the sun and air was that made by the waving branches of a palm tree. When I tried to rise up and cover myself with my bare arms, the stiffness and soreness of my body made me cry.

Like a wounded thing, I fell back, my eyes held

in fascinated terror by the leering eyes of the native who knelt half over me, shaking his head and saying something in his own strange language under his breath.

"White girl no laugh now," he said later in English. "Bambe-bo laugh."

"Why do you keep me? Let me go at once. I will have you arrested," I stormed.

"No policeman . . . you stay here . . . island . . . no friends come," he answered gloatingly.

HIS words made my heart sink down and down. So they had taken me to another place . . . an island away off from my friend . . . John Barrow! The very thought of the great movie man helped as I lay there beneath the savage glances of that native, whose eyes told me that he would stop at nothing in the way of cruelty and crime. Surely John Barrow would find me. There was some straw of hope and consolation in that belief.

Suddenly the man who called himself "Bambe-bo" turned on his heels and, putting his fingers to his thin lips, whistled shrilly.

A few seconds later he was answered by the approach of someone coming through the thick tropic underbrush behind us. Shortly a slim Hawaiian girl, her dark hair flowing over her shoulders, appeared.

She looked down at me with what I thought was a little pity and compassion in her eyes. I suppose she saw the terrible bruises on my body and the fear that was in my eyes. The girl listened to what Bambe-Bo had to say, then she spoke a few words in a soft, drawly tone, pointing down at me once. She seemed to be pleading with the man to let her do something.

Bambe-bo, pointing to the sea once or twice, made several gestures which, to me, indicated that he did not want to give the girl her way. But finally, with a shrug of his lean-muscled shoulders, he walked off down the beach, leaving the Hawaiian girl with me. He had hardly turned away before she was on her knees beside me.

The girl inspected all of my bruises tenderly, and then went away in the direction from which she had come. It was not long before she returned with a shell of clear, cool water, some kind of an oil, which she rubbed over my aching body, and a lemon, which, I suppose, she used to try and do away with the black and blue marks on my body.

A swallow of the refreshing water helped immensely. I let her prop me up against the trunk of the palm tree while she applied the oil. Two or three times I was on the verge of speaking to her, but, being sure she could not understand, I did not carry out my intentions. Out of the corner of my eye I watched her glances straying keenly up and down the beach, where the man walked, presumably looking out over the still, Southern sea. Suddenly, when she seemed to be certain he was not going to turn sharply, she pulled something out from under her grass skirt. It was a little tatter of blue jersey cloth. The girl pushed it into my hands.

I took the piece of cloth, mystified. She must have read the perplexity in my eyes, for she made a sound with her lips, and inclined her shoulder in the direction from which she had come. Her attempt to explain the bit of cloth was not successful. I could not catch her meaning. It was not until she pointed to my white limbs and arms, and then at the Hawaiian down the beach, that my brain grasped the meaning of the cloth.

Jimmy Mulligan! ! !

A great surge of hope rushed through my heart. Of course! The blue jersey was a bit torn from the swimming suit he had worn! In that glad moment of discovery, my pains and aches disappeared.

BAMBE-BO called out from the beach, interrupting my thoughts and the girl's ministrations. Obedient to whatever command he had issued, the girl sprang up hurriedly from my side and went away. A few seconds later, the native was bending over me, studying me with eyes that seemed filled with cunning, designs and schemes.

"Where is the white man . . . my friend?" I demanded, shrinking under his glances.

"H'mm," answered Bambe-Bo, "he no here . . . there . . ." pointing dramatically to the sun-gilded sea.

All of my newly-risen hopes were dashed down to fragments at these words. Jimmy had been killed, or thrown overboard to drown! A picture came to my mind of Jimmy, fighting to the last ounce of his giant strength, when he saw the trickery that had been played upon us in the night by the revengeful natives. For the first time in my life I devotedly wished I had never had any ambition to become a movie star. Life at any price seemed sweet!

A shrug of his shoulders and the brown native walked away from me. I heard his bare feet making crackling sounds against the reeds and dry grasses as he moved through the island forest. When the sound of his retreat became fainter and fainter, a wild desperate decision flamed in my mind. I got up from my place on the grass mat and went towards the water on legs that threatened to cave under me with every additional step.

I was going to walk around the curving beach and look for the sight of land across the sea, for I was sure we could not have gone so very far in just one night of sailboat travel. If it did not seem too far away, I was going to plunge into the surf and sink or swim in an effort to escape. One look in Bambe-Bo's eyes, as his glance had roved over my exposed body, had been enough to drive me to such a mad decision.

Half-staggering, I made about one hundred yards along the beach, which brought me to a point where I could look across the water in another direction. At first there was nothing in all that wide space of water to reward my eyes . . . nothing except foamy wastes of waves. But, at last, far against the western horizon, I saw a long, low smudge against the sky, which I gradually made out to be an island . . . the one upon which my mother, Mr. Barrow and the others were most likely half-crazy over our mysterious disappearance. Even in my semi-hysterical state of mind I knew the utter hopelessness of plunging into that stretching surf. I wouldn't have lasted twenty minutes at the most.

I turned my attention to the island my captors had brought me to. It must be a very small one, I thought, as I noted the narrowness of the beach upon which I stood. The jungle that reached down to within a hundred feet of the water was green and thick. From its depth came the calls and cries of strange birds that mingled with the voice of the sea in a medley that would have been pretty to listen to under any circumstances except those under which I was listening.

The weakness that came from hunger, exposure, exhaustion and fright began to burn like a fever in my blood. My temples throbbed like trip-hammers, and pains commenced to shoot through my limbs with increasing intensity. I believe I would have fainted there on the beach in my tracks if I had not heard loud cries coming from the side of the island where Bambe-Bo had left me on the grass mat.

"HE HAS discovered my absence," I cried under my breath, fearful at the thought of how he would punish me for having run away. As I stood swaying on the sand, an electrifying sight filled my vision.

Jimmy Mulligan, wearing only his swimming trunks, which seemed to be torn in many places, came around the point of the island at full speed, followed by Bambe-Bo and three other shouting and gesticulating natives. A cry went up from my lips . . . a cry that was at once a thing of triumph and defeat.

Seeing me caused Jimmy to stop abruptly. In that flashing second I realized, in spite of the sheer terror of the moment (*Continued on page 28*)

"There she is, lying on the sand . . . and the boat is gone!" *Jimmy* cried. "God help us, *Margey* . . . we're stuck!"

What OUR Readers think of US

For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

Your suspicion is correct, Mr. Editor. Being a woman, I always read the almost-last page first, beginning with "Where Fan Meets Fan." The letters are, on an average, the most entertaining feature of the magazine. However, I am not particularly interested in the present Fan Page. Instead of a page of futile marital yearnings, I'd much rather see a page of letters on a variety of topics. I like to read personal interviews with the stars, interesting anecdotes about them, and letters in defense of those who need it. But it interests me not at all to know why John Brown of Arkansas, would marry Norma Talmadge (if he could!)—or why Lily White just aches and aches because Winifred Hudnut "saw him first." And, have you ever considered how the stars themselves must enjoy such cheap publicity?

I am always interested in articles versus Censorship. The one by James Craig Gordon was splendid. Interviews are always welcomed, pictures likewise.

The "Film Flapper" chats are good, too.

Reviews of current releases are entertaining, and often reliable. I like the reviewer's style. In fact, I like every feature of Movie Weekly with but one exception. You call your magazine Movie Weekly—so why not keep it strictly that? In a magazine so labelled, we do not expect—or want—a lot of trashy fiction. "The Girl Who Was Never Safe" is a good example. The "confession" type of story (if we *must* have fiction) we might tolerate, so long as it rings true, deals with movie people, yet casts no shadows on the morals of the industry.

Why don't you give to readers of Movie Weekly thirty pages of plain, unadulterated movies? How about it?

My one big "kick" now registered, here's a suggestion for a new department. Let the fans have another letter page, to be used exclusively for the boosting of non-featured players; then, once a month you might run an interview with the player getting the most recognition during the four preceding weeks. A department such as I've suggested would win for certain players the recognition they deserve and would interest your readers, since the fans dearly love to splash ink.

One more suggestion, in closing. We want to see Movie Weekly's Editorial staff, especially Mr. David Balch, James Craig Gordon and The Colonel. So please, Mr. Editor, won't you show us (soon!) the "power behind the press?"

CARLITA MORELAND.

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This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

What pleases me most about Movie Weekly is the fair and open-minded attitude it has maintained toward Rudolph Valentino and his affairs during the very trying period of his career which has just closed. Your position is very well exemplified by the article in the last issue telling why he will make two pictures for Famous Players. During the whole period of his involuntary retirement you have been more than generous in telling us all the news about him. You have not ignored him, you have not insinuated uncomplimentary opinions about him, or hinted that he is losing his popularity, like certain other magazines.

Next in my affections comes your Reviewing Department. The criticisms in the last issue were especially good, being written in a delightfully humorous style and easy to read. I have always believed that the reviewing of the current pictures is the most important function of any moving picture magazine, and that that of Movie Weekly compares favorably with all the others.

I hesitate to say anything uncomplimentary about your magazine, since there is so much that I approve of. I can think of but two objections. First, I do not like your system of giving as the title of an interview a quotation from something the star has said. It is a good way to attract attention, of course, but it somehow cheapens the effect. In most cases such a title is not very descriptive of what is contained in the interview. Second, the story just finished, "The Girl Who Was Never Safe," has no place in a magazine of the high quality of Movie Weekly, in my opinion. It (the story, of course) belongs in the dime-novel class.

I read practically everything in Movie Weekly with a great deal of pleasure, and the good points far outweigh the weak ones.

T. S.

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This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

I shall take advantage of this opportunity afforded me to speak freely and give my real opinion of the articles in Movie Weekly.

I found John W. Vandercook's criticisms of the latest motion pictures the most interesting of all, as I usually guide myself according to these criticisms as to which pictures to see, and usually I find these opinions absolutely correct.

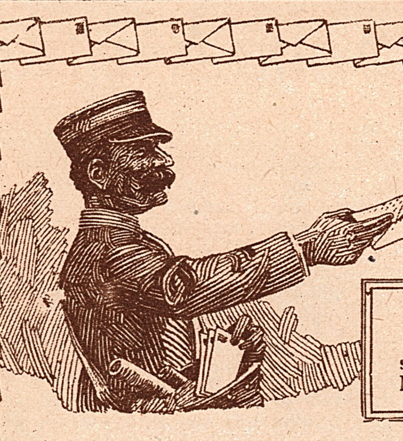
The article entitled "Do the Home Fires Burn in Hollywood?" by Gladys Hall, was indeed interesting. It is just such articles that will help to disabuse the minds of the people who picture the movie stars' lives as one continual round of ruined lives and marital discord to realize there exists real home life among our cinema stars. Such articles should be encouraged and appear weekly in your magazine.

"Whispers of the Film Flapper," "Chit Chat," "Reel Dope," etc., give the movie fan the sort of news they want of their favorite actor or actress. Would suggest this part of your magazine be elaborated upon and not have the articles anonymous, as we are all interested in knowing who the clever person is who compiles this news for us.

I would suggest a Kiddie Page, devoted exclusively to the kiddies, their favorite stars, new pictures to be filmed of interest to children; chats with the juvenile actors; a list of films not suitable for children, etc.

I believe your idea of contests is an excellent one. JOYCE KRIEGER NAFTALIN.

Jean Tolly*, though she may be dressed that way, is not a grass widow. As she appears in *"The Uninvited Guest."



Richard Dix Captures Another Heart

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

A RICHARD DIX ADMIRER—So you fell in love with Richard Dix? The only trouble with falling in love with him is that you have so much competition. His address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Allan Forrest is thirty-five, six feet tall and weighs 180. Ethel Clayton doesn't play on the screen any more. Bryant Washburn lives at 7003 Hawthorne Ave., Los Angeles.

JACKIE FROM TIN PAN ALLEY—So the sun makes you lazy? We don't have enough of it here at this time of year. Lew Cody was born in Waterville, Maine. Kenneth Harlan lives at 1327 Le Moyne St., Los Angeles. Harrison Ford is in his thirties. He is married to Beatrice Prentice. Freeman Wood lives at 6213 Selma Ave., Hollywood. Charles Jones' latest picture is "Not a Drum Was Heard."

LORD FAUNTLEROY—Yes, I looked under the stamp. You see how obliging I am. I'd probably stand on my head just to please you—if it would! Hope Hampton is twenty-four. Marion Davies' leading man in "Knighthood" was Forrest Stanley.

GUESS WHO—There's enough work in the world as it is without taking time for guess work. Art Acord can be reached at Universal City, Cal. He is divorced from Edith Sterling.

THEODORA—You have many favorites, haven't you? John Sainpolis was born in New Orleans about thirty-five years ago. He lives at 1620 Genesee St., Los Angeles. Virginia Lee Corbin no longer plays in pictures, so I have no idea where she could be reached.

F. B.—Your letter reads as if you were going to start quite a correspondence. Harold Lloyd lives at 502 Irving Blvd., Los Angeles. John Gilbert's address is the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Mae Murray, Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood; Pola Negri, Lasky Studio; Valentino, Lasky, Astoria, Long Island.

W. C. P.—Excuse your language, you say. I've excused worse language than yours. Maurice Flynn was born in New York about thirty years ago. He was a famous football star at Yale. He is six feet three and weighs 200. His latest picture is "Hell's Hole." He lives at 1269 Sweetzer Ave., Los Angeles.

MR. PHYLIS NASH—And you want to know who the Colonel really is? Well, I shouldn't want the report to get about that I am unobliging, so I will tell you. The Colonel is really a trained pig which Movie Weekly keeps hanging about to answer questions. Phyllis Haver lives at 3924 Wisconsin St., Los Angeles. She is playing opposite William S. Hart in "Singer Jim McKee."

ANTONIO MORENO FAN—Either Antonio Moreno has a lot of fans or you write me a great many letters. Mary and Doug live at Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal. Anita Stewart's address is International Studio, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., N. Y. Helene Chadwick lives at 4428 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Alice Calhoun lives at 1551 Edgemont St., Hollywood.

SWEETHEART—Are you trying to make me blush, making me call you a name like that? Well, anyway, you can't see me blushing and all the people around the office will probably think my face is red because of a cold. No, Ramon Novarro is not married. You have your wish; Francis X. Bushman is coming back to the screen in "Ben Hur."

A. E. J.—Probably your crush on Edna Murphy is about over in the interval while you waited for an answer. She lives at 926½ N. Western Ave., Los Angeles. She has played in quite a few pictures, mostly for Universal—"The Galloping Kid," "Ridin' Wild" and others. See W. C. P.

Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr., **tries to find the keynote to success, and proud** *Papa Richard* **proclaims that she has** *Paderewski* **skinned a mile for noise.**

Patsy Ruth Miller lives at 1822 N. Wilton Place, Hollywood. Priscilla Dean lives at 5611 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

D. W. FREDERICKS—Pauline Garon lives at 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood. She is twenty and is not married.

RED PEPPER BURNS—So you gave up your ambition to be an actress because stars are getting their salaries cut! Cheer up! Even with the cut in salaries some of the stars manage to achieve a Rolls-Royce or so. Yes, I imagine Vincent Metzetti is Richard Talmadge's brother; Richard has enough brothers and sisters to man an entire company. I think Director Edward Sedgwick is Eileen's brother.

M. J. C.—Certainly I'll be kind enough to answer your questions; if I don't I might get fired. Marie Walcamp seems to have left the screen permanently. Write to Baby Peggy at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. I suppose Mrs. Wallace Reid can still be reached at her old home, 8327 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles.

J.—Glenn Hunter lives at 1 W. 67th St., New York City.

ONE OF TOMMIE'S FANS, CHARLOTTE B. and L. ATWOOD—Thanks so much for the greeting cards. It was nice of you to remember me.

DIMPLES, CHRISTINE—Sorry to keep you waiting longer than you expected for your answer, but my desk is piled sky high with letters waiting for reply. Ben Lyon is twenty-three and is not married. Write him at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Ramon Novarro is abroad at present playing in Rex Ingram's picture, "The Arab." His picture was in Movie Weekly last February 9th. Thanks for the greeting card and the good wishes.

QUEEN TUT — Anything a queen commands! Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven, and Valentino five feet nine.

GLENDA TWEDDLE — Well, this isn't a very speedy answer, but it's a darned good one. Marguerite De La Motte lives at 1401 Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles. No, she isn't married. Frank Keenan was born in Iowa about fifty years ago. He is married.

C. H. B.—Norman Kerry isn't under contract to any company. He has lately been playing in "Shadow of the East," for Fox. Before that he played in a Universal picture, "The Acquittal."

ANITA—Thanks for your good wishes. I have a special cabinet where I keep all the good wishes people send. I've no idea what Carl Gantvoort is doing or where he can be reached. Carlyle Blackwell has been playing in English pictures for years.

K. K. K.—You're a good guesser, about receiving your answer in the early part of this year. Francis McDonald was born in Kentucky in 1891. Douglas MacLean is married to Faith Cole. Hallam Cooley is about thirty; I've never seen him without the mustache.

KENNER — Rosemary Theby lives at 1907 Wilcox Ave., Los Angeles. She is now abroad playing in "A Son of the Sahara." She recently played also in "In Search of a Thrill." Write Corinne Griffith at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

L. L. L.—So you're fond of Bert Lytell? He is now abroad playing in "A Son of the Sahara." Movie Weekly published an interview with Bert Lytell in the issue for June 23, 1923, and a full page picture in July 21, 1923. Back issues of Movie Weekly not more than a year old can always be purchased for ten cents apiece from this office (Sales Dept.).

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

The Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress

(Continued from page 17)

consciousness returning, she looked full at me with a wild, unrecognizing look and a great shudder ran over her.

"Hazel, darling!" I said soothingly. "You are safe. Nothing can harm you now. It is I, your old friend! Don't be afraid, dear!"

Gradually the hunted look died out of her eyes and she curled up against me, hiding her face on my breast. Steve still stood by with the whiskey glass in his hand. I continued to stroke Hazel's forehead gently. Anxiously I asked if she was all right, if she was unhurt save for the bruises on her arms. She nodded her head.

"Oh, but the awful dark," she said presently, clenching my arm as though afraid to let go for a single moment. "I thought I would go mad! And that awful thing in my mouth——"

She began to sob. I looked at Steve inquiringly.

"Yes," he said, "she had been gagged and tied hand and foot, the same as the man."

"The brutes!" I blazed, glaring at Pablo in his corner. "Treating a poor little helpless girl the same as they did that fiend over there!"

I let the lightning blast of my furious look rest for a moment on De Saulles where he lay bound and helpless a few feet from the Mexican.

For a moment I felt like throttling them both with my bare hands. The thought of Hazel lying for almost twenty-four hours in that damp, filthy, black hole with the torturing gag in her mouth, was too much for me.

Just then Shorty appeared at the door to say that the automobile was waiting and the Mexicans had been dispersed so that there was not likely to be any further trouble. Hazel had revived sufficiently so that we felt it was safe to move her and it was urgent that we get her out of the turbulent atmosphere of the lawless little town as quickly as possible. Steve hoped we might find a doctor somewhere in the vast crowds which swarmed around the race track and gambling halls. Then, if Hazel's strength permitted, we would go on to San Diego that very night. Her feverish, bright eyes, her pallor and whole air of general collapse made me fear the result of her frightful experiences.

AS WE prepared to depart, Steve walked over to De Saulles, who still lay with his hands and feet tied; though they had removed the gag and had tied his hands in front of him instead of behind, as the wretch had lain all night with them tied behind him. Only a member of the Spanish Inquisition would have been merciless enough to have left him in that cramped position another hour. Besides, his bonds were not tight, as Edgren had stood over him in watchful silence while we worked with Hazel.

Steve stood looking down at the cowering cameraman with a most peculiar look in his noncommittal eyes. It was as though he were puzzling over the peculiar type of animal before him. Something of wonder and mild curiosity shone from beneath his narrowed eyelids. Wild and reckless Steve Blakelock might have been; but taking advantage of a woman was not in his code. One could see that he regarded De Saulles with the aversion one might feel for a hyena, a jackal or a vulture.

"And what are we going to do with this—*gentleman!*" Steve queried in a mild tone. But, oh, the stinging sarcasm and contempt which he threw into that one little word "gentleman!" I could see De Saulles color up to the roots of his hair.

"Mrs. Loring," said Steve, turning to me, "we'll let you decide. You know all the facts in this case. I appoint you judge and jury in one of the speediest trials ever conducted for an alleged white man. We can leave him here to the mercy of Pablo and his gang. Or, the boys can string him up right here and now. If you say the word——"

From the baleful glances of the other men I could see that only a gesture from me was needed to have De Saulles dangling from a rope's end from the low ceiling. It would be a very easy thing to do away down there in Mexico and the world would be well rid of a worthless scoundrel.

But years of conventional training downed the primitive impulse which prompted me to let De Saulles have his just deserts. Almost, in that moment, I wished that I were an out and out savage, so that I could gratify my instinct for revenge without any twinges of conscience.

"No," I replied slowly, "we can't quite do that, Steve. Just because this cur has no instincts of honor and decency is no reason why we should depart from ours. We will let the law of the United States take its course. Take him back with us and I will file charges of abduction against him—or will have Hazel's people do so."

"As you will, Mrs. Loring," said Steve. "But we can do the work much quicker and cheaper for you down here and feel not the slightest compunction about it, either. The unwritten law of the West punishes a man for the guilty, unclean impulses in his heart, not for some vague technicality written in books."

"Aw, Mrs. Loring," spoke up Shorty from the door, "don't let that skunk off! He's poisoned the atmosphere around here already so it ain't fit for honest men to breathe in. Swing him up, I say!"

> ## Would You Like to be One of Our Editors?
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>
> **You know, it used to be said that a woman always read the last part of a book first.**
>
> **When you read Movie Weekly, do you ever stop and think which page you first turn to and which page, after all, you have enjoyed the most?**
>
> **Movie Weekly wants its readers to write and tell just what stories or articles they liked best in the most recent issue, and why; just what stories or articles they liked least, and why; and just how Movie Weekly can be improved so that its thousands of friends all over the world who read Movie Weekly will enjoy it more.**
>
> **For the best letter on this subject we will give a prize of $10.00 each week.**
>
> **For the second best letter, a prize of $5.00 each week.**
>
> **And for the third best letter, a prize of $3.00 each week.**
>
> **Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPT., Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.**

The glances of the men had wandered to Hazel, who lay, still and white, on the bed which their coats had made for her. Her pitiful misery and helplessness infuriated them against the man who had brought her to such a state. Even then they might have seized De Saulles had not Steve spoken:

"No, boys. We'll let the lady decide. This is her affair. We'll march this noble gentleman over to the other town and I guess we can find a cop there to arrest him—that is, if news of this hasn't leaked out over there among the boys. If it has, his life won't be worth a nickel. They'll save us the bother of stringing him up and it wouldn't do us any good to battle for his life with such a mob as there is over there in those gambling halls and at the track."

Steve's sardonic smile was not lost on the men and they answered him with meaning grins.

"Mrs. Loring and Edgren and I will take the little girl over in the car," said Steve. "The boys that came on horseback can ride. A little walk will do our brave knight here some good. Keep his hands tied and keep him covered with a gun. If he tries any tricks—fill him full of lead."

De Saulles' face was blanched with terror. He began to beg and whine.

"I didn't intend any harm," he started to say. "It was just a little joke with those trick reins. It was those Mexicans pitching onto us caused all the trouble. Ask Hazel if I did anything——"

"You made that team keep on going when I tried to get them to stop. You were pulling me into that house against my will. You said just before that Mexican hit you that you guessed you had me this time and that I couldn't escape. You know it isn't the first time you've tried i!"

IT WAS Hazel's voice, young, clear and accusing, though weak and unsteady. Her burning eyes were fixed upon him in a reproachful look which would have brought any decent man to his knees in self-abasement.

"I know I've done wrong," wailed De Saulles, now that this grim net of purposeful men was closing in around him and he knew not what his fate was to be. "I'm sorry. I'll do anything I can to make amends——"

His voice was suddenly muffled by the dusty toe of Shorty's boot.

"Aw, tell it to the Marines!" said that brusque little man. "Get up now and march. The hell them six hundred rode into ain't nothin' to what you're goin' to *walk* into once we get the other side of the river."

Tottering and stiff, De Saulles arose to his feet. At the point of a gun he started walking unsteadily. His face was ghastly with fear. If he got safely through the single street of adobe shacks, he had still to face the crowds at Tia Juana. I felt pretty certain that some word would have reached the race track element at Tia Juana of what had been going on. If it had I knew that summary justice would be dealt out to De Saulles without the formality of any charges being preferred against him.

A strange procession we made up the narrow street—our automobile in front with Edgren driving and Steve keeping a sharp lookout for trouble. He carried an automatic revolver in each hand. Hazel drooped against me, utterly spent and weary and I knew from her quick breathing that she had fever.

Behind us came De Saulles on foot, with his hands tied in front of him. He weaved from side to side like a drunken man. He was guarded on either side by armed men, while the cowboys rode close behind like inexorable Nemesis. Any attempt at escape would have been futile, though I doubt not that De Saulles was only too thankful to be protected from the Mexicans. Just as we turned out onto the open country, a couple of shots were fired from one of the shacks. They spent themselves on the ground, however. De Saulles had killed a Mexican and it would have been only too easy to have turned him over to the Mexican authorities for trial. Why I did not allow them to do that I have often wondered since. However, he was to have his share of trouble before he got out of the mess.

On the way over to new Tia Juana, Steve told me how he had found out that the two were held prisoner in Pablo's place.

"A young American fellow, a poor, broken derelict whom I found in one of the dives, told me of having seen the whole thing the afternoon previous," Steve said. "He saw the team come tearing down the street with the little girl screaming and hanging on. They came to a halt directly in front of this disreputable rooming house, and he saw De Saulles crawl out from under the seat and grab the girl just as she climbed out of the carriage. He said she screamed and tried to get away, but in a place like that such scenes are common and nobody pays any attention or mixes in someone else's business. It isn't safe. Just then a drunken Mexican lurched against De Saulles and the cameraman, with one hand, still grasping Miss Vance, hauled off and hit him. The Mexican drew a knife and slashed De Saulles in the forehead. De Saulles drew out a gun and blazed away and the Mexican dropped in his tracks. Instantly they were surrounded by a mob and Miss Vance, who was trying to creep away, was seized by the Mexicans, along with De Saulles. No telling what would have happened had not Pablo, who is a sort of leader in the old town, stepped up and suggested that they hold both of the Americans for ransom. Money talks with these Mexicans, so that was the plan they adopted. Both were bound and gagged and thrown into the cellar."

"And what became of the young chap who told

(Continued on page 30)

CHIT CHAT
About the Stars

Dorothy Gish, who is in Florence, Italy, working with Lillian in "Romola," wants to know where all the poets get that stuff about sunny Italy. The reports about the land of warmth and sunshine are grossly exaggerated, she says.

"Just now," she writes, "we are breaking all records for holding our breaths. The scenes we are working on are supposed to be taken in summer—and here it's so cold we can see our breaths. We have to hold them while the camera is turning so that the summer sequence won't be spoiled! When I get back to the United States, I going to challenge Annette Kellerman to an underwater breath-holding contest."

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"That's the last straw, Conway," declared Frank Lloyd to Conway Tearle, as the actor strolled on to the "Ashes of Vengeance" set with a battered kelly surmounting the silk tights, neck ruff and sword of the French court costume.

"You're wrong, Frank," explained Conway readily. "It's one of the first."

Sure enough, they looked up their statistics and discovered that the summer straw as men wear it today actually was worn at the court of Charles IX of France in 1572. But Frank Lloyd insisted that if he tried to spring that on movie audiences, they'd never believe him!

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Viola Dana, who recently completed "The Heart Bandit," tells this story of a small town in the East where she visits some dear old friends of hers now and then. On her last visit there, the whole town was being scared to death by numerous burglaries. Often the burglar scares proved to be false alarms and one police sergeant decided to end this annoyance by laughing it away.

Late one night an excited voice came over the telephone to police headquarters.

"Burglars have broken into No. 64 Lyons St.," was the message. "Send help quick."

The sergeant glanced at the solitary policeman in the station. "Mike," he ordered, "the house at 64 Lyons St. is being robbed. Go up and surround it."

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Gertrude Short, a young comedienne in "The Telephone Girl" series, discovered that fate wasn't nearly so unkind to her as she thought. She recently broke a small bone in her right foot when she fell on the stairs of her Hollywood home. Thereby hangs this tale!

Gertrude grew panicky over the injury because she feared she would lose her role in the picture, but she hobbled over to the F. B. O. lot, determined to do her best.

And then came the pleasant surprise. The script of episode number three called for a decided limp on the part of the character played by Gertrude. The lame foot was a boon. All she had to do was put on her make-up, take her cane and hobble along. And Director Mal St. Clair congratulated her upon the realistic manner in which she played her role!

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Alice Calhoun was recently presented with a black Persian cat sent her by a Northern admirer. It came in the United States mail and the postman who brought it claimed that it had slept forty-eight hours at a stretch. During its trip the cat jumped from the train four times; a trunk fell on it once, and three times its neck got caught in the automatic doors.

But in spite of all its mishaps, the cat arrived in perfect condition!

The Reel Dope

John Barrymore's special film production of "Beau Brummell" has been held up for a short time by Director Harry Beaumont's impatience—and its reward. He broke his glasses. They had to be sent from Hollywood to New York and back again. In the meantime he tried to continue his work of cutting and editing the thousands of feet of film which make up the picture. And now he is sorry . . . and wearing dark glasses.

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Harry Beaumont, by the way, will direct the screen version of Sinclair Lewis' notable novel, "Babbitt." Not much else seems to have been decided about it.

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Monte Blue will play the leading male role opposite Mae Murray in "Mademoiselle Midnight" — on which production work has just started.

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The movie Vitagraph is making from the book "Borrowed Husbands," will have in its cast Florence Vidor, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Earle Williams, Robert Gordon and Kathryn Adams. Fortunate movie!

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At last a picture is to be produced which really may honestly be expected to be one hundred per cent censor-proof. It was written by a censor, Royal A. Baker, of the City of Detroit, and goes by the safe and sane title of "When a Woman Reaches Forty."

Gloria Swanson looking thoroughly hard-boiled in *"The Humming Bird,"* her latest picture.

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"My Man" is the film title given to the novel George Randolph Chester has conferred (for a consideration) upon the movies. Dustin Farnum and Patsy Ruth Miller have the leading roles.

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Thomas Meighan is now in Florida taking the exterior scenes for his new picture, "Write Your Own Ticket." Virginia Valli is his leading lady and others in the cast are David Higgins and James Lapsley. The interior scenes will be filmed at Astoria, Long Island.

Harold Lloyd's next is called "The Girl Expert." It is the second of Harold's promised two productions in 1924—which he insists is quite enough to expect from one young man in one year. You can holler for more!

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Mary Philbin is to star in Universal's photoplay version of I. A. R. Wylie's tale of the English aristocracy—"The Inheritors." King Baggott is directing.

◈ ◈ ◈

In Mae Murray's latest release "Fashion Row," she wears more than thirty different gowns, some of which are said to have cost well in excess of $1,000. Inasmuch as her fame rests chiefly on her costumes, Miss Murray never wears one frock—in its original form, at any rate—more than once. A special watchman was employed at the studio to sit up nights and watch 'em!

◈ ◈ ◈

The up-to-date and enterprising movie industry, represented this time by Preferred Pictures, announces to the gaping world that with the glad coming round again of spring this year they will produce a film to be known to fame as "The Adorable Scofflaw." Thus is the latest and least word in the Mother Tongue given form and substance. "Scofflaw," as you know, is the supposedly opprobious term applicable to those wild and reckless beings who buy bootleg and change their spark-plugs on Sunday, and perform other such heinous and outlaw stunts.

◈ ◈ ◈

Andree Lafayette, the young French histrionic importation who did such excellent work in the recent screen revival "Trilby," will be in "Why Get Married?"

◈ ◈ ◈

William Shakespeare's comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew," has been scenarized by Dorothy Farnum. Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerry will play the immortal roles of the quarreling protagonists.

Joseph M. Schenck presents

Norma Talmadge

in

Secrets

Secrets—the secrets of a wife—in a picture greater in beauty, in emotional stress, in romance and heart-interest even than "Smilin' Through." Depicted by the perfect screen lovers, Norma Talmadge supported by Eugene O'Brien. Written by Rudolf Besier and May Edington; based on the Sam H. Harris play, "Secrets" and directed by Frank Borzage.

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Dept. 2, 1926 Broadway, New York City

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

(*Continued from page* 11)

those things!" I saw her throw something around her shoulders, and then, as the knock was repeated, I slid towards the closet she had indicated and shot inside. But, as I slammed the door, it did not quite catch, but opened on a crack, and I didn't dare risk the experiment of shutting it again, for Yvonne was already opening the door that led into the hall.

I HEARD her give a cry of pretended rapture. I saw little Curtis sitting beside the table with my part in his hands as if he were studying it, and then Yvonne came back into my range of vision, and with her there was a wrinkled old man, with foolish, senile eyes in which lurked a good deal of shrewdness still.

Curtis had risen. "You'll excuse me, I guess," he said, with an attempt at an easy manner, and pretending to collect his things, left the room. Then I saw the old man put his arms around Yvonne Weldon, and saw her yield those lips that I had kissed a thousand times. A mixture of jealousy and disgust rose in me like a tide, and I think I loathed the woman in that instant of revelation. This was the secret of her money! She was bleeding this old man, some foolish millionaire, perhaps, and out of the proceeds she had attempted to "keep" me, as well as run the stock company that ministered to her vanity.

But I knew, as I held myself, scarcely breathing, in the darkness of this closet, that it was up to me to get away at the first chance. I noiselessly discarded my smoking jacket, and by good luck found I had hung up a coat and hat among Yvonne's things in the closet. I put these on, pulling the hat well down over my eyes. Through a crack in the doorway, I saw Yvonne making love to the old man whose arrival had caused such havoc.

"Have you been faithful to me?" he croaked, looking at her suspiciously.

How long the scene might have gone on, I don't know, but one of those trifles occurred which alter forever the course of a life. In all my attempts to keep from breathing loudly or making a sound, I nevertheless accidentally managed to loosen one of Yvonne's gowns from its hanger. It slipped to the floor with a little silken rustle. My heart literally stopped; for an instant I thought the noise had not been heard. Then I saw the old man face the door behind which I stood, and his glance dart up to Yvonne with instant suspicion.

IT WAS a critical moment, and now that I knew that it was impossible to prevent discovery, I felt suddenly calm. After all, it didn't matter greatly; and if the eyes of Yvonne's elderly lover were rudely opened, it would be in the nature of a service.

At the very moment that all these things flashed through my head, she gave a piercing cry, and shrank back against the old man's shoulder.

"It's a burglar!" she screamed. "It's a burglar! Oh, Herbert, protect me!"

He supported her, shakily, with one hand; with his free hand he proved that he went armed, whipping a short little automatic out of his pocket. He leveled this at the door.

"Come out of that closet!" he rasped.

"You got me," I said. "Sure, I was trying to rob the place! Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'll show you, my man," the old fellow croaked. "Yvonne, go to the telephone and call the police."

I had hoped for one glance of gratitude from her, one moment of hesitation, even, but she seemed to take my sacrifice for granted, and went with alacrity to the wall phone. She did not meet my eyes again. Was it shame? I wondered, or merely fear that she might betray herself? And presently the door was burst open, and two burly cops stepped inside. Then I was hustled from the room, marched swiftly through the lobby past a gaping group of onlookers, and catapulted into the patrol wagon that waited on a side street.

I didn't speak, and the cops weren't loquacious, either. In my mind's eye I saw the whole thing. Yvonne would wait until she could get rid of the old millionaire (if he was one), and then get me out. Meanwhile, the only thing for me to do was to refuse to answer questions, take my lodging in jail cheerfully, and wait until the whole thing was dropped.

So I gave an assumed name to the desk lieutenant before I was marched away to my cell, and confessed to having no residence. I was locked up under the charges of vagrancy and attempted theft. As the coat which I had slipped on in the closet held no papers, letters, or other means of identification, my story was not questioned.

THEN I was taken down a corridor, a key was turned in an old-fashioned lock, and I stepped into a room with a cot and a straight chair, but no other furniture. Before me a steel door shut with a clang, and through the bars I could see across to the dark and lonely corridor. I was in jail for the first, and I'm glad to say, the last time in my life.

The next day I awoke to wonder whether anything happened that would bring about my release. But the hours only marched past with miserable slowness, broken by the interruption of the guard with my meals. It was about two in the afternoon that I made a singular discovery.

A low but familiar sound of music penetrated my cell from the only window in it, a small square cut high in the wall. I climbed by means of the chair and the bed and managed to look outside. Then I saw that by an odd chance the old-fashioned city prison was just back of the theatre where I had been playing!

The day came to an end without a word or sign from Yvonne. Nor did I hear anything from her in the next two days, which crawled by as slowly as years. Restless and unhappy, I paced my narrow cell, and wondered, since three days were so hard, what a year would be like behind prison walls. I tried to imagine what had happened. No doubt the old millionaire was still in town, and Yvonne did not dare make a move. The city authorities probably were waiting for her prosecution of me as a thief before acting themselves.

But it was on the fourth day that curiosity got the better of me; I *had* to find out; and I managed through the guard, to send a message to little Curtis, the stage manager. He, if anyone, could tell me just what had happened.

It seemed to me that I waited an eternity for an answer. There was nothing to relieve the monotony except the entrance of the guard with my food. A big, husky fellow, he would unlock the door, leave the key in the lock, and then turn it again when he went out. This and the filing of the women prisoners down the corridor past my cell each day were the only interruption to my anxious thoughts.

AMONG the latter I had noticed one girl particularly. For some reason or other the handful of women prisoners under detention were always fed together. The prison matron led them in a little file to some room farther along in the prison, and they passed in front of my cell. I had looked at them with interest, noting the dejected, embittered faces. One was a very old woman with all the marks of the incurable drinker. Others looked worried or fearful.

But one of them was quite young, and with a certain fragile prettiness in her face. But her eyes had in them a sorrow so vast that I was shocked to see them. I couldn't help wondering what her story was. Later on, I was to learn.

It was late in the afternoon of this fourth day that I had an answer from Curtis in the shape of Curtis himself. Suddenly, while I sat there, lost in moody reflections, the guard loomed up before my door accompanied by the familiar figure of the little stage manager. In another minute he was inside.

"What's happened?" I asked hoarsely, overjoyed, however, at the sight of a familiar face, "is that old fellow still in town?"

Curtis shook his head. I thought his eyes fell on me compassionately. "He left the night before last," he answered slowly.

"He's left?" I almost shouted. "Well, why hasn't Yvonne done something to get me out?"

While I stared, Curtis kept silent. Then he said quietly, "She doesn't intend to get you out. She means to keep you here!"

What curious twist of passion has moved Yvonne Weldon to such an act? Is Hal Kent immersed in an adventure of too serious a nature to be unravelled without the passage of time, reputation and opportunity? Follow this fascinating true-life narrative in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 5)

and it must be laden with the honey of remembrance. It is to put this same remembrance in *pot pourri* that I am writing this diary. So that, years later, when I have grown a long beard and hobble about on a gnarled cane, I shall be able to lift the lid and ghosts will come out and live for me again . . . London as I *felt* it first . . . the friends who helped to make my London memories . . . the smell of the London streets at night . . . the fragrance of the English country lanes . . . the suite of rooms we sleep in now . . . peopled in the Past by so many far greater than we . . .

One of the things that started my day for me was my secretary telling me the names of some of the great personages who had occupied this particular suite before us. Pershing and Foch . . . the King and Queen of Belgium . . . Clemenceau and Briand . . . Count Forza . . . Admiral Sims . . . Paderewsky . . . the Maharajah of Bikarer . . . the Count and Countess Ishii . . . many others.

More than ever did London seem rich and heavy with portents to me . . . I glance about the room with a feeling of slight awe . . . When Natacha said that our stupendous hotel bill was "paying for history," she spoke rather better than she knew.

In keeping with my self-imposed schedule, I was ready at ten this morning for the interviewers, and this time I was able to tell them a little bit more about what London meant to me . . . Perhaps they thought I had not a very scholarly knowledge of the place thus far, because I told them somewhat of what I have put down here in my Diary . . . about absorbing the essence of the city . . . getting the personality of London in my blood rather than, orderly, in my brain . . . I think they understood me . . . they were very courteous . . .

As a matter of fact and as another matter, I want to record though I shall never forget it . . . I am deeply impressed by the courtesy of all the Londoners. Particularly in the shops. The shopkeepers are utterly courteous. There is none of the instence that one finds in so many other places. You feel, rather, that you are a guest privileged to the entire hospitality of the particular shop you are in and quite without obligation to do any other thing than look about and ask as many questions as you please. You never feel conscious of the look of scorn occasionally met with in American shops when you venture in to buy, and then decide not to buy after all.

I WAS touched, too, because most of the shopkeepers asked me for my autograph. Whether I purchased in their particular shop or not, they all wanted me to write on the well-known slip of paper. Of course, I was very pleased to.

And speaking of autographs . . . In my mail this morning, along with the still incoming notes from tailors and their ilk, there arrived a perfect tray full of autograph albums. Here in London, it seems, the fans do not go in for autographed photographs as they do in America. They tend to the autograph album. I spent an hour or so writing my name in the various little leather books.

After the albums, the Press. This morning there were thirty. And after the Press and a light luncheon, Natacha and I set forth to see the Tower of London.

This afternoon, very late, we had callers and also a phone call from Mr. Arliss asking us to dine with Mrs. Arliss and himself on the morrow and then go to see Sir Gerald du Maurier in "The Dancers." I had heard a great deal of Sir Gerald and we both told Mr. Arliss that the evening was entirely delightful and of course we would go.

Shortly after that Mr. Guinness called for us and we motored down to Ascot.

It was still daylight, and on either side of us the English countryside rolled away from us, precisely as I had pictured it in my mind's eye so many, many times. Natacha and I travel very much the same in one respect . . . we are silent when we are impressed. I have always the feeling that I must open my soul and mind to the impressions that crowd in upon me. We have, on the other hand, one point of difference, a point, I imagine, upon which most men and women are divided. And that is, Natacha does not care for motoring in an open car. It is her idea of misery to be grimed with dust, blown upon by truant winds and otherwise disarranged and made uncomfortable. All women feel the same, so far as I can tell. With a man, it doesn't matter. Dirt and dust and discomfort are all matters of the day's drive with him. It is only one of the many times when a man has the advantage of a woman. And I am feminist enough, at least, to believe that women should have all rights being endowed by Nature with so few, should I say, privileges?

We had a charming dinner party at Ascot. I found all of the people there tremendously interested in pictures from the serious and product on angle of the making of them, and I am never happier than when I am talking on the topic that interests me, perhaps more than any other one on earth.

I think that perhaps I am peculiar in this respect, peculiar, that is, so far as the general run of screen actors go. With many, I know, pictures as pictures are merely a source of livelihood. They do their work, of course, seriously and strive to do their best, but they do not regard pictures in the gravely serious way, I believe, that I regard them. I hope I may not be misunderstood. Pictures mean as much, perhaps, to those who are working in them as they do to me, because they are their source of livelihood. The thing which brings a man or a woman his or her bread and butter is bound to be an important sort of thing, but I mean by regarding pictures gravely, a certain detachment that one feels in the presence of an art for which one has the deepest awe and reverence. I believe I am a little peculiar in this respect, in that I do regard pictures with awe and reverence. I feel the screen is a great art, the marvelous possibilities of which have only been vaguely realized, and I will confess that it is my great ambition to make pictures that will constitute great screen art.

Tonight a soft summer air envelopes London. Again I am reminded of the eternal charm of this British Isle. I have known the great cities of the world, and each of them, I can see, has a charm that is peculiarly all its own. Tonight the charm of London seems most preeminently to fit my mood. I sit by the window in my room in the Carlton and gaze out into the myriad lights, wondering what another day will bring. This is a very old city, this London, and I am caught in the spell and carried backward years in thousands, to the early days when the Romans, with their golden eagle, landed on its shores and swung the torch of Roman civilization westward.

Tomorrow I shall see the Press at the usual hours and in the afternoon Natacha and I are going to visit the famous kennels of Mrs. Ashton Cross and see if we can find some Pekes. Natacha is passionately devoted to the small dogs and we shall probably return from the kennels with a large increase in family!

It has been a happy day. And tomorrow . . .

Next week Mr. Valentino will tell in the pages of Movie Weekly further interesting incidents of his charming holiday trip. Don't miss it!

Would I Marry a Poor Man?

(Continued from page 3)

"Yes, indeed, I'd marry a man without money. I'd help him, I'd encourage him, I'd work for him if he were ill and couldn't help himself. However, I would *not* support him. For I'd love my husband more than anything else in the world, and before love comes, there must be respect, and who could respect a man who would allow his wife to be the sole wage-earner for the family?

"And so saying," laughed this incomparable, clever Bebe, "I'll step down from the lecture platform and give the next candidate a chance!"

Studio News Notes

The first of the series of pictures with James Kirkwood and Lila Lee is called "Love's Whirlpool," which is being made at the Thomas H. Ince studios. It is an underworld melodrama, directed by Bruce Mitchel.

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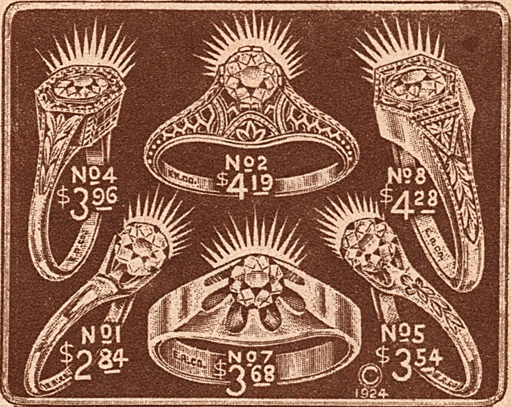
"The Halfback of Notre Dame" is the title of a new Mack Sennett comedy. The film takes a football field and the clash of the players as its subject.



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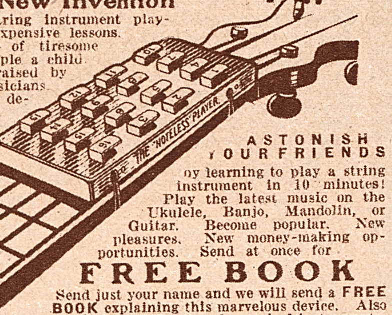

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1926 Broadway :: :: New York, N. Y.

The Trail I Struck to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 21)

that I was standing on the beach, practically undressed, before the eyes of a man who loved me. It may seem strange that I should have been conscious of such a thing under such circumstances, but feeling ashamed of my nudeness was one of the most instinctive things I have done.

The cries of the natives increased with Jimmy's pause. Although they came rushing on, they slowed down their pace, as if still somewhat uncertain of how they should attack the white giant.

I STOOD there, trying vainly to shield my body with my arms, and crying out at the same time for Jimmy to come to me.

He broke into another run and came on. Twenty yards from me he stooped and picked up a piece of heavy driftwood which the tide had washed ashore.

"Jimmy!" I faltered, taking one unsteady step towards him.

"Margy . . . Margy!" he cried back, his eyes revealing the gladness he felt upon seeing me alive. "Those devils have got to be killed if we escape. Here's a knife I took from one. When I knock one down . . . stick . . . stab him . . ."

The words made me feel sick and faint all over. I took the knife, knowing I could never use it as he said I must. But there was no time to waste in words. The morning's sun was casting the shadows of the onrushing natives in front of us.

"Into the water . . . keep behind me always," commanded Jimmy. The excitement and necessity of the moment gave me false strength for the moment. I ran back about ten feet and waited with bated breath as I saw the three brown men separate and advance warily upon the man who stood between me and the terror of Bambe-Bo's captivity.

It was nerve-wracking, the way they circled and crouched like lithe panthers of the jungle, looking for a moment to spring upon their prey. Jimmy stood as still as he could, in order to keep his glance upon all of them. I was telling myself that if the suspense kept up another second it would make my eyes burst out of their sockets. Suddenly something happened.

Jimmy Mulligan's body shot out like a streak in the sunlight . . . a streak of electricity that made directly for Bambe-Bo, who was at Jimmy's right. His unexpected charge appeared to dumbfound the Hawaiians, who had most likely expected to do the rushing when their opportunity came.

The white man's move caught Bambe-Bo off guard. He took a few steps backward in a desperate effort to gain a second's time to steady himself for the attack. But in that backward movement Bambe-Bo's fate was sealed. I saw Jimmy's mighty arms swing the piece of driftwood above his knotted shoulders . . . I saw the driftwood and the arms flash downwards.

A cracking sound filled my ears . . . my eyes saw Bambe-Bo's dark body topple against the white sand.

"Margey," came the call from Jimmy's lips. I splashed through the foamy water, the knife clutched in my right hand.

But I did not take many steps beyond the tide mark for Jimmy, charged in turn by the two natives, had turned, and was speeding in my direction towards the water's edge. Spellbound by fear, I did not know what to do, so I stood there rooted to the wet sand like a cringing statue.

HE PASSED me like a bullet. The first native in the chase kept after Jimmy, but the second, turning aside sharply, reached out his sinewy arms and caught me fast. As he did, I dropped the knife to the sand. The struggle lasted only a few swift seconds. I fought, kicked and scratched at the native, but his strength was like steel. He forced my arms behind my back and, holding my wrists in a vise-like grip, stripped a piece of hemp or something from his waist and, tieing my arms tightly, pushed me to the sand, face downwards. I managed to turn over on my back and get into a sitting position.

My eyes were filled with the vision of Jimmy and the native in a death grip as they swung each other around in water that foamed up to their swaying knees. Then a shadow came between me and this sight . . . it was the shadow of the third native rushing to his comrade's assistance. I shut my eyes, afraid to witness what might be the death of Jimmy, and the hopes I had of escaping the experience that his defeat would make me undergo.

The roar of the surf smothered out whatever cries they made as the death struggle went on in the green and white tide. Helplessly, I sat and stood by turns, not daring to do more than cast furtive glances at the fray.

But in one later glance my whole being was waked to new life. I beheld Jimmy, staggering out of the surf . . . alone. I got up, for I was sitting down at that moment, and half-ran towards him, my hands tied behind my back.

"Jim——"

He cut my cry short by a sudden frantic gesture. Instinctively I looked behind me, for the front was clear. A shudder passed over my body as I saw Bambe-Bo, whom I thought dead, lean over, pick up the knife I had dropped and reel drunkenly towards me.

I turned and started to run for dear life towards Jimmy Mulligan, who was standing in the water, empty-handed, but making a grim effort to meet the native and his knife with all of the strength left in his great body.

Bambe-Bo lurched at Jimmy just as I jumped behind my protector's back.

I saw the wicked gleam of the knife as it flashed downwards in the glaring tropic sunlight . . . and I saw Jimmy's white arm fly up to meet the knife before its sharp, shiny point could rip into his flesh.

This time I did not dare shut my eyes. If Bambe-Bo's knife went true to its aim, Jimmy Mulligan would be stabbed to the heart. I knew, or rather felt, that much as I stood there, trembling with fear. If Jimmy was killed it would be my time to fight . . . and die fighting, for death was to be courted where Bambe-Bo and his desire-mad eyes were the victors.

The Hawaiian's knife missed its aim, but it gashed Jimmy's left arm. I heard the moan of pain escape his brave lips . . . I saw the way he staggered under the knife blow. It looked as if Jimmy must fall backwards into the water, game to the core, but stripped of his fighting strength at last.

I GUESS it was the idea of self-preservation that steeled my nerves into action at that minute. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I circled around Jimmy, getting directly behind the Hawaiian, who was drawing back his arm, feebly, I realized, for what might be the finishing stab.

I kicked out with all the power there was left in my right foot and leg. The blow landed, as if by inspiration, mid-way at the rear of the native's unsteady knees. He doubled up backwards, lost his balance, and fell into the water, the knife slipping from his grasp as he did. With a mad, barbaric cry, Jimmy Mulligan, no longer a product of white civilization, but instead the sheer, primitive man who slays those who bring the shadow of death to his cave's door, pounced upon Bambe-Bo.

It was then that I shut my eyes, for something inside of me shrank aghast at the way Jimmy's bleeding left arm, and his good right, shook the life out of the man who had tried to cut his own heart out.

Slowly, and with all of the pains from my bruises and soreness shooting through my body again, I made my way to the dry sand and fell down in a limp heap.

I did not see Jimmy dragging himself after me, nor did I hear his voice calling. I remained limp and lifeless until he splashed some salt water in my face, and propped my head up gently. For a moment I thought I was waking from an ugly dream, but the hoarse tones of Jimmy and his bleeding arm and scratched face, forced me to a quick understanding of the reality of things.

"You . . . stay here till I get her loose——" I heard him saying.

Then his voice seemed lost in the roar of the tumbling waves against the beach.

"Get who?" I asked, in numb mystery.

"Laloa . . . Laloa," he answered. "The girl who . . . says . . . says she loves me."

At these words stark terror gripped my soul, terror such as even the leering eyes of the dead Bambe-Bo had not inspired. Jimmy must be out of his head . . . he must be crazed by his terrible experiences, I thought, or else what would have ever caused him to make such a strange statement?

(*Continued on page* 31)

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

and thrills a-plenty. And through it all butterflies Miss Murray.

Again we repeat—if you like Miss Murray, you'll like "Fashion Row."

The matter is in your hands!

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"TWO WAGONS—BOTH COVERED"

Will Rogers is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, living American humorists. Those who have heard his marvelous after-dinner speeches, or his running patter on current events delivered from the stage, won't quibble at that statement. But perhaps those whose acquaintance with the "cowboy philosopher" has been limited to the screen, will question it—until they have seen "Two Wagons—Both Covered."

It is, obviously, a travesty on "The Covered Wagon." If you have seen that classic you'll laugh yourself out of your vest. If you haven't, you'll chuckle constantly, and, when you do see "The Covered Wagon," shout inappropriately and loudly at *that!*

For it is genuine, super-intelligent, and utterly delicious burlesque.

And quite indescribable.

By Divine Right

(*Continued from page* 19)

It was evident that Trent mistook Farrol's humility for fear of him, for his attitude toward the missioner became even more arrogant.

"You can square matters with me," he said savagely, "by instructing this girl to come back with me and finish her week out."

Farrol's eyebrows were raised slightly. Mildred, watching him, observed this wonderingly.

"This young lady," he replied gently, "has expressed the desire to remain here with me and here she shall remain—unmolested by anyone."

A steely glitter had crept into Farrol's eye that Mildred could see was quite in contrast to the gentleness of the man that she had seen in his eyes hitherto. It gave her a greater feeling of confidence than ever before in the unsuspected power of her new-found friend. And greater even than before was now her feeling of liking for him.

"All right," Trent cried, moving toward the door, "but I'll make both of you sweat for this, I'll tell you."

And with that he was gone.

"Forceful if inelegant," Farrol murmured, as he turned to Mildred with a smile. She raised her face tremulously.

"Do you think," she whispered, "that he can hurt you?"

Farrol laughed—a deep, pleasant laugh that Mildred loved to hear.

"No one can hurt us, Miss Marsden," he said gently, "but ourselves. Nothing else counts."

"I'm so glad," she whispered.

UPON his return to his office, Trent summoned one of his henchman to him.

"See here, Clancy," he said bitterly, "there's a guy that runs a mission down on Front Street that has cut me out with a little friend of mine. I want him fixed."

His henchman regarded Trent with narrowed eyes of understanding.

"Do you want him croaked?" he asked.

The politician shook his head.

"It ain't as bad as that," he answered. "But I want him put out of business—his church, I mean—so's there'll be no more place for this girl to stay. Get me?"

Clancy nodded.

"I get you," he replied. "You mean—a little fire."

Trent nodded.

The two men shook hands.

What happened to Mildred and her new-found friend, the Prince of the Ghetto, when they aroused the enmity of "Black Jack" Trent will all be revealed in next week's issue of Movie Weekly. On the newsstands Thursday.

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"I'd like to get acquainted with you and come and live at your house. Would you like to have me? We would play all day long and have ever so much fun. Please want me.

"I'm a big talking and walking doll. I'm over a foot tall.; I can say 'Mama' and if you hold me I will walk with you. My eyes close and go to sleep when you lay me down. My hair is bobbed and you can comb it like a real baby's.

"When I come to you I am dressed in a pretty romper suit with bonnet to match, shoes and stockings; but when we go visiting you can dress me in party clothes. I think you will like me best dressed in my rompers all ready to play with you.

"If you want me to come and be your own dolly, be sure to write Aunt Tillie. Do this for me today. Please do."

We have already given away thousands of dolls. Now we will send this big beautiful doll free to advertise our business—a favor you can easily do. Write me today.

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What two words do these figures spell? The alphabet is numbered, A is 1, B is 2, etc. Can you make out the two words? Send your answer today.

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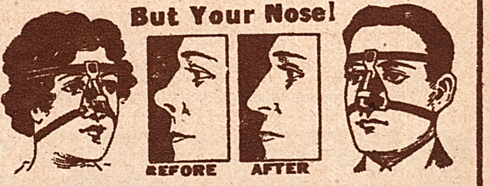

IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but yoy will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "*looks*," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

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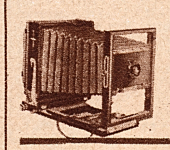

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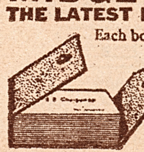

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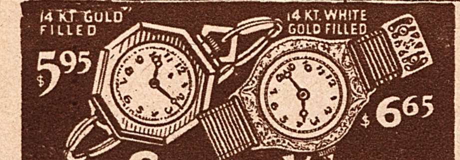

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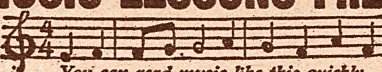

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The Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress

(*Continued from page 24*)

you all this?" I asked after a moment's thought.

"He's still back there," said Steve. "There's no hope for him. Booze and dope have got him. It's too late to do anything for him. Some instinct of manliness and decency which he still retained from his early training and environment must have prompted him to tell me the story."

HOW pitiful it all was, I reflected, as we went rapidly along through the fast gathering twilight. Young, buoyant, hopeful things, like this lost young man and Hazel, sucked down in sinister whirlpools of vice before they had a chance to understand what was really happening to them. My heart ached for that poor lost youth whom we had left back there in those tawdry dens of wickedness—for his mother, who somewhere must still be watching and waiting.

And I, who had often sorrowed because I had neither son nor daughter, now breathed a prayer of gratitude that it was so as I gazed upon the white, worn face resting against my arm. Here was Hazel, brought up in a good home, surrounded by the best of influences—yet unable to cope with the forces of evil she encountered out in the world. It was not her fault. It was just that she did not understand, had not yet learned to distinguish between the false and the true. It is too bad the judgment of forty cannot go with the youth and aspirations of twenty. So much tragedy and heartache might be avoided.

I looked back toward the wretched huddle of hovels from which we had come. I could barely see them in the fast deepening shadows. Even the plodding De Saulles and his captors had faded into the grey background of plains and sky.

We splashed across the muddy little river and were soon in the midst of the hectic gaiety of the Tia Juana race track and gambling halls. The cafes were doing a rushing business. Men were counting their winnings and placing bets for the next day. The Sunset Inn and Casino hummed with activity. Steve drove us straight around to his quarters on a quiet little street. He and some other gamblers lived there. It was the best the place afforded as nearly everyone went back to San Diego to spend the night. We wrapped Hazel up and laid her on a cot while Steve went to search for a doctor.

Hazel was by this time talking incoherently and every once in a while started up with wild eyes to stare into space. It was only by soothing words that I could quiet her.

Presently Steve returned, accompanied by a doctor. He was a little, round, red-faced man from Indiana, who had come down to Tia Juana to have his fling before he completed his Western vacation trip. He seemed to know what he was about, and I was glad he had come.

He felt her pulse, looked at the bruises on her arms and listened gravely while I quickly told him of what had happened. He gave her some medicine to quiet her nerves and said that under no condition could she be moved before morning. Complete rest, he said, and then the best of care after she reached San Diego, to avoid a complete nervous break-down. I wanted to get her out of Mexico as quickly as possible, for I knew not what trouble might arise out of De Saulles' shooting of the Mexican.

"A bad case of shock from fright," the doctor pronounced it. "Cold and fever from the long hours of exposure in the cold, damp cellar. It will take her weeks to recover."

IT WAS Steve Blakelock who paid him his fee, for in my hasty departure from San Diego I had come away with only a little change in my purse. Always it was Steve. An hour after we had arrived, Barty, with a scared, crestfallen face, came tip-toeing up to the room where Hazel lay. He stood awkwardly twisting his hat in his hands.

"We did all we could, Mrs. Loring," he said uneasily. "The rest of the studio boys who are here and I looked all day and asked everybody we saw——"

"It's all right, Barty," I said wearily. "We've found her now, thanks to Steve Blakelock and his pals."

Well, I knew that the half-hearted efforts of Barty and the studio boys would never have brought results. To begin with, they were unused to dealing with such critical situations. Then, too, the lure and excitement of the big gambling resort had kept them from seeing very clearly ways in which they might have been helpful. I had caught a glimpse of Barty and two of the boys hovering over a roulette wheel an hour before, when we drove into town.

"What are they going to do with De Saulles?" Barty asked with awed, round eyes.

A yell from outside was his answer.

Hazel is temporarily safe among her friends. But De Saulles, the very incarnate spirit of evil, is still at liberty. Will he answer for his sins? Or does he go on to worse and more remorseless evils? Follow this thrilling narrative in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

The Home Life in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 13*)

is the meeting of the Our Club. I love everyone of those girls—would give my soul for them, if anybody would buy such a silly thing as a soul.

"I love reading, but don't care about the hectic books. I don't care about those books out of which you get nothing except a few risque incidents and a dozen new words to add to your vocabulary that don't mean anything very nice, anyway. I got so, one book I was reading, I was ashamed to look my dictionary in the face!

"I manage to get in vocal lessons, though I can see my patient teacher is wondering when I shall come to my senses and give up all the rest of the foolishness that makes up my life for the good sense of a life devoted to music! I did study dancing, too, but had to give it up.

"No, I'm not at all a home-body, though I love my home. I mean I can't cook or sew or do anything like that which is useful. I wouldn't know which side to fry an egg on! We have always had plenty of servants, and I never had to worry. But I can run a house well—used to do it when father and mother went away on trips together. I'm not a bit tidy. You ought to see my room! About once a week mother goes into my room and gnashes her teeth at the way she finds things. Of course you drop your clothes on the floor when you go to bed, and it's very annoying not to find them there when you want them, I say! My room looks as though a cyclone had struck it, and you just naturally look around for the dead body.

Mae Murray Says Home Is Sanctum

"'IT TAKES a heap of livin' to make the place called home,'" quoted Mae Murray, "and so I simply won't give you any pictures of my Hollywood house, because Mr. Leonard and I haven't lived there long, and it's only a rented house. But I'll be glad to give you pictures of my real home in New York—Bob's and my home.

"Home is a place of sanctuary. It's the last refuge in time of illness, heartsickness, weariness."

Do you think of Mae Murray as leading a life of one gay party after another? You're all wrong. She might be a nun for all the part she takes in gay parties. Even when she does go to a party, she is a demure little figure in the midst of the gaiety. Only those who know her best know her penetrating humor, her quick wit. To the casual acquaintance, she is terrifically serious. And to everybody she is tremendously in earnest about her work.

"Not until you sacrifice everything for your work can you be a complete success," she told a friend, the other day.

She loves serious discussions of philosophical and religious questions. And please be assured that however gay a party gets, Miss Murray never countenances an off-color joke or a swear word!

Even with her girl friends she is puritanical in her conversation and atttitude toward life. Her wit and humor, though keen, are kindly and always clean in tone.

Next week Miss Kingsley will tell, in the pages of Movie Weekly, more intimate details of the home life of this popular screen player, as well as recount interesting facts of other film star's lives.

The Trail I Struck to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 28)

A glance at his eyes, which were roving around, and the sight of his twitching lips, confirmed my bursting suspicion. Somehow I gathered the strength to draw farther away from him. At my move he turned upon me.

"She's tied up in the hut . . . Bambe-Bo's sister——"

"Oh, Jimmy!" I cried, my fears dying down with a hysterical laugh. "Now I know . . . I understand," I murmured.

"She told them she loved me . . . she was going to help us, later. They tied her up when I broke my bonds . . . thought she did it," he explained, in tones which were not quite coherent.

"I'm going with you, Jimmy," I said, rising too. I was scared to remain on that tragic shore alone any longer.

HE TOOK my arm and steadied me, and together we started off down the beach to find the native girl who had been bound by her own people for her suspected kindness towards a white man.

When we passed opposite the tree under which I had been placed by the orders of Bambe-Bo, I broke away from Jimmy and ran up to get the thin grass mat I had used as a bed. I figured it would help me to cover myself up. In a moment I had thrown it around my sun-blistered, naked shoulders.

"Get back? Jimmy, is there a chance?" I asked breathlessly.

"Sure thing. Why not? Bambe-Bo's boat's here . . . the one they brought you over in. The one I came in has gone back to bring the wedding guests——"

"Wedding guests! What——?"

"Big doing's planned for tonight. I'm supposed to marry Laloa . . . and you're to marry Bambe-Bo," he cut in.

His words stunned me. I clutched his arm harder in order to hold my feet.

In jerky sentences Jimmy Mulligan explained all that he knew concerning the situation we were in.

"Course they must have grabbed us on account of our beating 'em up. But still, it's funny they didn't get Miss Faverish and Rodney . . . and here's a queer thing, Margery . . . those Hawaiians had fistsful of American money in bills. I saw them looking at it this morning. Now as for Laloa, she's the blood sister of Bambe-Bo . . . but she's a stranger when it comes to heart and soul. Laloa's a white woman that way.

"The thing for us to do is hurry and get her loose and take the boat. We've got to beat it before those savages get over tonight for this fool wedding business, or we'll make a good soup for a funeral wake if they find out what has happened to Bambe-Bo and his buddies."

I shuddered at these words and wondered how Jimmy would get us back in a boat when he didn't know anything about sailing boats. But he said Laloa would be able to show him how to man the boat.

"Here is where we dig inland a bit. She's lying up there under a hut made out of branches and leaves. Think you can make it, or shall I carry you? My arm's stopped bleeding now. Wasn't much of a deep jab, anyhow."

After pushing our way through the thick undergrowth, we came to an open clearing. Suddenly Jimmy stopped in his tracks.

"Good God, Laloa's gone!" he said. How she had moved from the spot baffled the boy beyond all explanation or theory. He had seen her bound hand and foot in front of his own eyes. We stumbled over the evident trail she had made towards the sea. At last we reached the white sand dunes. As Jimmy scanned the shore, a cry sundered his lips.

"There she is, lying on the sand . . . and the boat's gone. She must have cut it adrift. God help us, we're stuck here, Margey, and they're coming tonight!"

Will the trap be sprung? All escapes seem to be cut off. What is the way out for Jimmy and Margery, situated as they are in each other's regard? Follow this thrilling romance in the next issue of Movie Weekly.

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When a few applications of this wonder-working lotion has cleared faces of ***pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions*** on the face or body, ***barbers itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin,*** you can realize why CLEAR-TONE has been tested and approved in over **100,000 Test Cases.** The simplicity of the treatment, and *The Story of How I Cured Myself* are all explained in my free booklet, *"A Clear-Tone Skin."* Write for your copy today and learn of the results gotten by thousands of men and women.

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Agen's desired everywhere for our Oriental Rings.

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Floor Lamp

With 5th Ave. Silk Shade

Here is something you have always wanted—a beautiful floor lamp with handsome and elegant Fifth Avenue silk shade—to add an extra tone of elegance and luxury to your home. On this generous offer you can see just how this floor lamp and silk shade will look in your home, without risking anything. Send only $1.00 with the coupon below, and we will send it complete to your home on approval; equipped for use with either gas or electricity. We take all the risk.

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When the lamp outfit comes, use it freely for 30 days. See how beautifully the colorings of the handsome silk shade blend and harmonize with everything in the home. How *useful* it is, too—so handy for reading, can be moved around with ease to furnish a beautiful light and rich warmth and coziness to any room in the house. If after 30 days trial you decide not to keep the lamp, just return it at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 deposit, plus any freight or express you paid. You cannot lose a single penny.

$2.00 a Month

If you discover that this lamp is a tremendous bargain at the price we ask and you decide to keep it, send only $2.00 a month until you have paid the total bargain price of $19.85. Yes, only $19.85 for this luxurious lamp and silk shade complete. Compare this value with anything you could buy locally at anywhere near the same price—*even for spot cash!* Straus & Schram gives you this bargain price and almost a year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. *No C. O. D.*

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Decide now to see this beautiful floor lamp and silk shade in your home on approval on this price smashing offer. Think how the nickels and dimes slip away for useless things; save them for something **worth while** that will give satisfaction for years. Send coupon with only $1.00 now! Satisfaction guaranteed.

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Dept. 2523 Chicago, Ill.

Gas or Electric

The Lamp—

Comes equipped for choice of gas or electricity. Has 2-light Benjamin socket for electricity only, with 8-foot silk cord ready for use; or comes with 6-foot rubber hose, burner, mantle and chimney for gas.

Mahogany Finish

Standard is 60 in. high, 3 in. in diameter. Highly polished French mahogany finish.

The Shade—

Made in Fifth Avenue design, 24 in. in diameter, of delft blue silk, shirred top, alternating plain and fancy art silk panels. Twelve panels in all, tinsel braid border, with four inch Chenille fringe. American beauty shirred lining. The harmonious color scheme gives effect of red light shining through a blue haze—a rich warm light. Shipping weight, 27 pounds.

Marshall Silky Fringe Pull-Cords

Also pair of Marshall silky fringe cords with 3½ in. silky fringed tassels, giving an added luxurious effect.

For gas use, order by No. G6332NA.

For electricity, order by No. G6333NA.

Send only $1 with the coupon, $2 monthly. Total Bargain Price for lamp and shade, $19.85.

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Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings: furniture, jewelry, rugs, curtains, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See the coupon.

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Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised Floor Lamp and Silk Shade as checked below. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the lamp, I will send $2.00 a month. If not satisfied, I am to return the lamp and shade within 30 days and you are to refund my $1.00 plus any transportation charges I paid.

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